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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Sayings and Doings. A Series of Sketches from Life. 3 vols. London 1824. Colburn.

As we stated last week, Mr. Theodore Hook, a gentleman who has seen much of the scenes of many-coloured life, both at home and abroad, is the Author of these Volumes. He is now, we believe, expiating in a Sponging House the crime of owing the Government somewhere above six thousand pounds; and we are not therefore surprised in his Sketches from Life, to meet with more than one hit at those liberal Tories, who are apt to sacrifice their friends and provide for their enemies in the way of acquiring popularity. But as this point does not belong to our province, we only mention it as the grounds for our confirmed opinion, that the Editor of John Bull and the Author of *Sayings and Doings* are identical.

These Volumes consist of four tales, entitled Danvers, The Friend of the Family, Merton, and Martha the Gipsy,—Merton occupying more than one half of the publication, and Martha the Gipsy only a few pages. To say that they display much talent is to say the least that can be said of them. They are generally interesting; and the mixture of shrewd observation and neat satire, with touches of the pathetic, and judicious remarks on grave questions, impart a still higher value to them. For ourselves we confess to have been both greatly entertained and informed by such pleasing pages; which unite very happily the sense of reality with the incident and extraordinary vicissitudes of novel. And, after all, there is no fiction like the truth: there are no adventures of the imagination to be compared with those acting every hour around us. Most men of the world have known circumstances, the improbability of which would ruin fable:—the *doings of life* go far beyond all the *sayings* that ever were invented.

The application of Danvers will, we think, be speedily made. It is the history of one named Tom Burton, a person of moderate fortune, raised to prodigious wealth by the death of a relation of his wife's. He buys estates, gets into parliament, contests counties, becomes an insatiable amateur in pictures and virtù; and, after experiencing that happiness is not the attendant upon immoderately splendour and riches, is again reduced to a competency, a cottage, and contentment. We shall illustrate this tale and the Author's manner by a few miscellaneous extracts. Burton succeeds to the immense property of Danvers, and it is stated with characteristic force—

"Four days had scarcely elapsed after his return, before he received innumerable letters from persons with whom for years he had had no intercourse, congratulating him upon his wonderful good fortune; and in less than a week he accumulated two maternal uncles, one aunt, a half-mother-in-law, and upwards of fourteen cousins in Scotland alone; he

was elected a member of three learned societies, and received a communication from an university which shall be nameless, to know whether the honorary degree of D.C.L. would be agreeable to him.

"Various post-chaises, replete with fashionable upholsterers, milliners, dress-makers, booksellers, and wine merchants, thronged the sweep before Sandown cottage; nine capital estates were offered to him for sale, and thirty-one persons, whose names he had never heard, appealed to his well-known charitable disposition to relieve their wants in various degrees, from the loan of twenty pounds up to the general discharge of the embarrassments of a reverend gentleman with thirteen children.

"His little, heretofore quiet, library was crowded with country gentlemen and directors of charitable institutions; those who had sons in the army solicited him to get companies for their boys; others who had chosen the navy, entreated him to get ships for their lads; nay, one man, and he no fool, high at the Bar, going the summer circuit, requested Burton's influence to lift him to the Bench.

"All this, although worrying in the extreme as to the *physical* part of the thing, had, it must be confessed, a very strong effect upon Burton's mind, and from rejecting the sense and avoiding the solicitations of his would-be creatures, which he at first cordially and naturally did, he began to get in some degree accustomed to the thing, and to feel that if these aristocratic persons were so ready to cede to him the possession of influence in the world, which he knew at the moment he had not, it was quite clear if he chose really to attain to it, that it was on the cards for him to do so.

"It was during his Mary's illness that the first seed of this new passion was sown; and the news that she had again given him a daughter was received with something more like disappointment that it was not a boy, than he was in the habit of feeling when he heard coupled with similar pieces of intelligence, that 'She was as well as could be expected.' During the first week of her confinement, when that soothing quiet, that witching calm, in which they had before lived, was broken upon by the intrusion of half the county, as we have already attempted to describe, he formed the project of surprising his lady by purchasing, without her knowledge, the magnificent property of the Duke of Alverstoke, situate and lying contiguous to his own; and which in the days of their tranquil happiness she had often referred to, as a splendid specimen of blended comfort and magnificence in the first class of country residences, and wanting, as she had often jestingly said, only a little management and re-arrangement after their own taste to make it perfect.

"The Duke, whose income did not exceed at the utmost, ninety-seven thousand a-year, was so much distressed as to be compelled to

part with the property; and so extraordinarily changed was his neighbour Mr. Burton, by his recent acquisition of fortune, that his Grace took the trouble to go down from London to Sandown to offer him the preference as a purchaser, on account of the very high personal esteem which he had always entertained for him. —

"The library, which was taken at a valuation, was doubled in extent by the new purchaser, and the arrangement under the immediate superintendence of one of the leading booksellers in London, was perfectly novel. Magnificent lustres and chandeliers adorned the new gallery, which was added to the suite of apartments by throwing down the partitions of seven smaller rooms; and the collection of pictures, which his Grace also disposed of, was increased greatly by the acquisition of some three or four dozen original Vandykes, Titians, Rubenses, Cloudes, Domenichinos, Carlo Marattis, Holbeins, Guercinos, Vandervelds, and Dows, which a most excellent and active gentleman, who had introduced himself to Mr. Danvers during his short stay in town, had been kind enough to select for him at the sale of a celebrated collection, for less than twenty-eight thousand pounds—a sum so inconsiderable small, as Danvers was told by another friend, that he made his obliging acquaintance a present of a thousand guineas, as a recompence for his zeal and activity, and the great trouble he had expended in the pursuit.

"This gentleman's favours were not strictly confined to his personal exertions, for he had already done Danvers the favour of introducing to him his friend just named, and who, for less than ten thousand pounds more, stored the apartments at Milford Park with the most beautiful *meubles de bijouterie*, ormolu candelabras, made expressly for Buonaparte, ebony cabinets, splendidly inlaid with gold and silver, with innumerable pieces of invaluable porcelain and China to cover the tortoise-shell commodes; silver chandeliers from the Palazzo di Torciano; antique statues fresh from Florence; invaluable casts and models from Rome, and a cargo of vases from Herculaneum, which were of themselves worth double the whole sum of money.

"The services of plate lodged at the bankers, were roused from the chests where for years they had lain dormant, and while innumerable workmen were busied in cleaning, beautifying, and repairing them, the Heralds' College were with corresponding activity employed in making out a shield worthy of such splendid ware, and a very great man in that department having traced Tom Burton's ancestors back to Tomburtonos, king of the Huns, satisfied himself and his brethren in arms, of the propriety of allowing him certain quarterings and supporters; but as things easily attained are not always duly valued, it was necessary to make a difficulty and delay about the latter ornaments, which led upon a future occasion to a pleasing *Quivoque* between Mrs. Burton

Danvers and a pursuivant, who was dispatched to consult her husband upon the point; and who, seeing her, without any preparation to make her understand the precise nature of his business, set the poor unsophisticated lady into all the horrors of a second Sandown menagerie, by endeavouring to ascertain whether her passion lay among rampant lions or griffing guardant.

"It being the latter end of June when the family arrived in London, in order to assimilate themselves in due form with those who had in the best possible manner conspired to kill the *ennui* of a fashionable winter, a first-tier opera-box was taken, and Mrs. Burton-Danvers's name painted, in white letters at least six inches long, on its brown door. Mr. Burton, at the suggestion of his picture-dealing friend, put down his name as a subscriber of one hundred guineas to the British Gallery; one thousand guineas were paid as a contribution to a projected canal in his own county; he was received as a Fellow of the Royal Society; and through a half-introduction of his old patron, who rejoiced, and I believe sincerely, at his extraordinary elevation, obtained the *entrée* to a most distinguished political circle, which might, in fact, be considered as his primary step into high life.

"The first use Burton made of his increased power, was to solicit for his deputy the office he himself had for several years enjoyed; and having carried his point with his patron, resigned the situation in favour of that gentleman; if truth were to be told, I do verily believe, he felt more real pleasure in thus securing the happiness of an estimable family, than he did in receiving the same mark of favour when it was equally necessary to his own comfort.

"The Duchess of Alverstoke and Lady Elizabeth and Lady Jane were early in their call upon the Danvers, and the morning visit was followed up by an invitation to dinner, and cards for evening parties, *conversazioni*, &c. Mrs. Burton received a note from her Grace, requesting to know if it would be agreeable to her to belong to Almack's, and the season opened to the newly-arrived lady in all its splendour and *éclat*.

"The Duke's dinner was splendid in the extreme; but the company, instead of being confined to a family party, aided by a country apothecary, as it was on the last visit of our hero and heroine, consisted of two cabinet ministers and their ladies, a leach of earls, a countess and two daughters, one English baron, two Irish ditto, a judge and daughter, a full general; together with a small selection of younger scions of noble stock, in and out of Parliament, and a couple of established wits to entertain the company.

"The poor, dear, mild, innocent Mary, felt oppressed, as if she were all flattened down upon her chair, and had no right to be in the room, and when the Earl of Harrogate, who sat next her at dinner, asked her by way of starting a conversation, whether she preferred Ronzi di Begnis to Camporese, her apprehension grew into perfect alarm, for never having heard of either of the personages or things, whichever they might be, which his Lordship named, it appeared to her somewhat difficult to decide. This, if she had been used to good society, would have been nothing. As it was, her answer was less happy than might be imagined; for the question having been put to her in the midst of a prevailing discussion, between the

Duke and a flighty Countess, upon the comparative merits of Silleri and St. Peray, the unsophisticated woman concluded that her neighbour wished to ascertain her opinion of some other wines, with the names of which she happened to be unacquainted, and in order to do what she thought right, she replied to his inquiry on the comparative excellence of the two opera-singers, by saying, 'Whichever you choose, my Lord!'

"His Lordship set Mrs. Danvers down either for a wag, or one of the most complying persons upon earth. However, he determined to renew the attack, and ascertain more of the character of his fair friend, and therefore, turning again to her, inquired if she 'liked the Opera?'

"This question, which passed with her for changing the subject, was a great relief. She answered in the affirmative; and it was truth that she did like it, for its novelty, having visited the King's Theatre but twice in her life.

"So do I," said the Earl; "but I am seldom able to make it out."

"Nor I," said poor Mrs. Danvers; "and it is certainly a great drawback to one's pleasure."

"What, Ma'am, not going?" said the Earl, still fancying his fair friend a wag.

"No, my Lord; not understanding what they say; not being able to make it out."

"Oh!" said his Lordship, with an affected gravity, which shewed that he had *made her out*, and which would have been instant death to a person more skilled in the ways of the world.

"From this embarrassment she was agreeably relieved by her left-hand neighbour, who began a dissertation upon the relative wit of the French and English, and contended with much force and gaiety for the superiority of the former.

"For instance," said his Lordship, "I remember a French loyalist shewing me the statue of Bonaparte resting on a triumphal car, in the Place de Caroussel: but hating the man, he pointed to the figure, and said, with incomparable archness, 'Voilà Bonaparte; le Char-J'attend!' The same man, on my remarking the letter N used as a decoration for the public buildings in Paris, said, 'Oui, Monsieur; nous avons à présent les N-mis-partout!' These," added the gay narrator, "I establish in opposition to any English puns I ever heard; and I appeal to my neighbour Mrs. Danvers to decide between the jokes of my admirable friends (the wits) at the bottom of the table, and those which my French acquaintance sported to me spontaneously, and without effort or consideration."

"This was the climax of poor Mary's misery; for, in addition to the disidence she naturally felt at her first entrance into *real* society, she laboured under the disadvantage of not knowing the French language, or, if knowing any thing of it, assuredly not enough to decide upon, or even entirely to comprehend, the double meaning of the jests.

"She coloured, and fidgeted, and thought herself fainting. Burton, who sat opposite to her, heard what was going on, and saw her agitation—he was quite as miserable as herself. Any attempt to extricate her would have risked an exposure; but, as good fortune would have it, just as Mr. Trash was puzzling his brains either to make an extempore joke or exert his available memory by quoting one from the well-known authority of Mr. Joseph Miller, the Duchess, who had no taste for the buffoonery of her husband's retainers, gave

the welcome signal of retreat to the drawing-room."

Here Mrs. B. is not much better off; but at last goes to an *At Home* with the Duchess.

"As she passed through the hall, Mary could not abstain from casting a wistful look towards the door of the dinner-room in hopes of seeing Danvers; but all was vain, and in spite of her inclination she found herself in a few minutes on the stairs of Lady Hatfield's splendid mansion. Further than the staircase it did not appear likely they would get, and Mary accounted to herself, in the crowd, for the before unintelligible doubts of their being *shown up*. Her astonishment, however, at the extraordinary squeezings and the unceremonious pushings in which she found herself involved was great; but she was perfectly astounded when she beheld the delicate creatures who were engaged in the crowded warfare, and felt the intensity of the heat, and heard the subdued murmur of nothingness which filled the apartments, and saw the listless look of the half-fainting women, the distaste of the whole affair expressed by the men, and the hideous glare of dowers tottering amid the throng, driven from their beds by the *dæmon* *Dissipation*, and led by her sister-fury *Vanity*, to smear their wrinkled cheeks with paint, bedeck their aged heads with jewels, and rally all the fading energies of life to gasp for a little hour the heated atmosphere of fashion, habitually gaze on scenes in which they are no longer sought or courted, and fancying *that* enjoyment, hobble with regret from the lighted gallery or the sparkling ball-room back to their beds, to expire in aches and pains till the succeeding evening, the folly of the second childishness which drives them, like spectres, to haunt the spots which, when really in the world, they had so happily frequented.

"There is no object in all the study of humanity more striking, more awfully instructive than a faded Dowager of fashion! Far be it from me to class under this sweeping denomination the many excellent mothers, the admirable women who so brightly adorn their sex and the peerage of our country. The thing I mean is one, who, weak in intellect but strong in vanity, has had the misfortune to be born so beautiful as to believe her mind a secondary object hardly worth the cultivating,—whose peach-bloom cheeks, whose coral lips, and flowing hair, whose graceful form and sylph-like figure, have caught the heart—if heart he have—of some man, her equal in rank, in fortune, and in intellect,—who, as the careless wife, sparkled and dazzled, and who after a maried life of thirty years finds herself the widowed mother of a race of girls, her very counterparts in mind and person, in trickings and manœuvrings for whom, she has had just sufficient cunning to succeed.

"They in their turn marry, and she is left at sixty to her own resources. Where are they? Her ideas of comfort centre not in home; and if they did, what home has she? Her daughters are mixing in the world, which she should make a resolution to leave. Society means with her an assembly of hundreds; her acquaintances are numerous, her friends scant, her view of religion is having a well-curtained, well-cushioned, well-carpeted pew in a fashionable chapel; her notions of charity are comprised in an annual donation or two to a lying-in hospital, or a female penitentiary: but without a crowd she dies; and thus, to exist, she risks her life



night after night by the disreputable exposure of her aged person, bedizened with the ornaments which graced her figure in its youth, and after feverishly enduring the loudly-whispered satire, and the ill-concealed laughter of the next generation, who stand round about her, she sinks into her crimson velvet coffin, without creating a sensation, except perhaps in the breast of her next heir, who, by her departure from this world for one of which she has never thought, is relieved from the painful necessity of paying her Ladyship a jointure.

" Of this wretched class Mary had a favourable opportunity of seeing a pretty sprinkling of specimens."

Mr. Burton Danvers' opponent at the country election, is drawn with the same spirited hand.

" Danvers was proposed, and as was expected, an Opposition candidate started in the person of Sir Oliver Freeman, whose barouche was left far behind himself, and who was literally carried into the Town-Hall upon the shoulders of the People.

" Sir Oliver was a patriot; and after Mr. Danvers had been nominated and seconded amidst the most violent hootings and hissing, the worthy Baronet's name was received with cheers, only equalled by those which had followed Danvers's health the night before, under his own roof.

" Sir Oliver Freeman was, as I have just said, a patriot—an emancipator of Roman Catholics, and a Slave-Trade Abolitionist. He had disinherited his eldest son for marrying a Papist, and separated from his wife on account of the overbearing violence of his temper.

" He deprecated the return to Cash-pays, and, while gold was scarce, refused to receive any thing but guineas in payment of his rents. He advocated the cause of the Christian Greeks, and subscribed to Home; he wept at agricultural distress, and never lowered his rents. He cried for the repeal of the Six Acts, and prosecuted poachers with the utmost rigour of the law; he was a saint, and had carried an address to Brandenburg. He heard family prayers twice every day, and had a daughter by the wife of a noble Earl, his neighbour; which daughter the said noble Earl recognised and acknowledged, though by no means doubtful of her origin.

" He moreover spent much of his time in endeavouring to improve the condition of poor prisoners, and introduced the Tread-mill into the County Gaol; he subscribed for the Irish rebels, and convicted poor women at Quarter-Sessions of the horrible crime of mendicity; was President of a Branch Bible Society, and seduced his wife's housemaids; was a staunch advocate for Parliamentary Reform, and sat ten years for a rotten borough; made speeches against tithes, being one of the greatest lay-impropriators in the kingdom; talked of the glorious sovereignty of the people, and never missed a levee or a drawing-room in his life.

" Thus qualified, Sir Oliver Freeman stood forward a Son of Freedom, who on this special occasion had declared he would spend fifty thousand pounds to maintain the independence of his native county."

He does fairly out-poll and beat our hero; and as we are not so romantic as to adhere to the unfortunate, we here bid adieu to Mr. Danvers,—though not to Mr. Hook's volumes, the notice of which shall be resumed in our succeeding Number.

The Deformed Transformed; a Drama. By the Right Hon. Lord Byron. 8vo. pp. 88. London 1824. J. & H. L. Hunt.

It has frequently been said, that in drawing his *Harold* and *Corsairs* and *Juans*, this noble author sketched from personal character, was the hero of each tale, and sat to himself for his own portraits. But whether that were true or not, it is quite evident that he *has*, in the present instance (if not before) adopted the alleged course, and under a feigned name figured himself for the edification of his readers. We had always heard it asserted that Lord Byron was particularly sensitive on the subject of deformity; and that his mis-shapen foot gave him more uneasiness than an accident of the kind ought to entail upon any rational being. By making it the theme of a poem he has shown how false those rumours were, and how much he was superior to the petty feelings which would cause a man to be uneasy, or sour his temper, on account of some paltry bodily infirmity. To speak in his own style, his Lordship has made game of his game limb, and taken away the sting from all attempts at annoyance on that point, by turning the matter into ridicule, and being the first to laugh at his own peculiarity.

To jest upon our own misfortunes is good tact, and renders malice impotent; and the *Deformed Transformed* is as clever in this respect as the bon mot attributed either to Lord B., or some person with a similar imperfection of hoof, who being invited to join the Travellers' Club, replied " No, thank you! I am never without a club of my own."

Beyond the purpose to which we have referred as the obvious foundation for this poem, we do not observe that it has much to recommend it. The versification is simply prose in lines of a certain length, for Lord Byron has no more ear for blank verse than for the harmony of the spheres; and the grand object of the sentiments seems to be to lower and degrade human nature—to laugh at virtues, and paint man as a creature generally detestable, and at best, contemptible. Lord Byron is no flatterer of his species, nor could it be expected from one, like another Richard, thus ready

" To descend on mine own deformity."

The framework of the piece is constructed partly on the Novel of the Three Brothers, whence Mr. Lewis took the hints for his *Wood-Demon*, and partly on the *Faust* of Goethe. The scene, "a forest," opens with an exaggerated picture of deformed person, whom his Lordship designates *Arnold*; in the six letters of which name, four of that of *Gordon* will be found, intimating the sign of the writer to represent himself in this

* Thus the author makes Arnold say, with striking reference to his own personal case :

Had no Power presented me
The possibility of change, I would
Have done the best which Spirit may, to make
It's way, with all Deformity's dust deadly,
Discouraging weight upon me, like a mountain,
In feeling, on my heart as on my shoulders—
An hateful and unsightly molehill to
The eyes of happier man. I would have looked
On beauty in that sex which is the type
Of all we know or dream of beautiful
Beyond the world they brighten, with a sigh—
Not of love, but despair; nor sought to win,
Though to a heart all love, what could not love me
In turn, because of this vile crooked clog
Which makes me lonely.

But even thus, the lowest,
Ugliest, and meanest of mankind, what courage
And perseverance could have done, perchance
Had made me something—as it has made heroes
Of the same mould as mine.

new character. The following not very natural dialogue ensues between him and his loving mother—parents being rarely such bitter enemies to their luckless children :

Bertha.

Out, hunchback!

Arnold.

I was born so, mother! Out!

Bertha. Thou Incubus! Thou Nightmare! Of seven sons

The sole abortion!

Arnold.

Would that I had been so,

And never seen the light!

Bertha.

I would so too! That back of thine may bear its burthen; 'tis

More high, if not so broad as that of others.

Arnold.

It bears its burthen;—but, my heart! Will it

Sustain that which you lay upon it, mother?

I love, or at the least, I loved you: nothing?

Save you, in nature, can love aught like me.

You nursed me—do not kill me.

Bertha.

Yes—I nursed thee, Because thou wert my first-born, and I knew not

If there would be another unlike thee,

That monstrous sport of nature. But get hence,

And gather wood!

Arnold.

I will: but when I bring it, Speak to me kindly. Though my brothers are

So beautiful and lusty, and as free

As the free chase they follow, do not spurn me:

Our milk has been the same.

Bertha.

As is the hedgehog's, Which sucks at midnight from the wholesome dam

Of the young bull, until the milkmaid finds

The nipple next day sore andudder dry.

Call not thy brothers brethren! Call me not

Mother; for if I brought thee forth, it was

As foolish hens at times hatch vipers, by

Sitting upon strange eggs. Out, urchin, out!

We are not sure that we understand all this, but hope our readers may. The different senses of the word *abortion*; the joke on the high back of a Lord by nature's right and title; and the reason given for nursing, are tolerably intelligible: but we are puzed by the comparison about the hedgehog's milk being the same as Arnold's and his brothers', and must leave the hatching of vipers' eggs by foolish hens to the consideration of that philosopher who produced lively chickens to the Lord Mayor the other day from a steam apparatus.

From our first quotation it will be seen that the familiar and ludicrous, and not the grave and awful, prevail in this drama. It is indeed a sneer from beginning to end; and his Lordship apes the cynist. Thus, for example, the Devil jests with Arnold's crooked ed :

Wert I to taunt a buffalo with this
Cloven foot of thine, or the swift dromedary
With thy sublime of humps, the animals
Would revel in the compliment. - - -
- - - Thy form is natural: 'twas only
Nature's mistaken largess to bestow
The gifts which are of others upon man.

When he (Arnold) chooses to change his own shape for that of Achilles, and impatiently asks, " Must I wait?" the Devil answers—
No; that were pity. But a word or two:
His stature is twelve cubits: would you so far
Outstep these times, and be a Titan? Or
(To talk canonically) wax a Son
Of Anak? - - -

- - - Thou shalt be indulged,
If such be thy desire; and yet, by being
A little less removed from present men
In figure, thou canst sway them more; for all
Would rise against thee now, as if to hunt
A new found mammoth; and their cursed engines,
Their culverins and so forth, would find way
Through our friend's armour there, with greater
ease
Than the adulterer's arrow through his heel

Which Thetis had forgotten to baptise
In Styx.

Of himself, the same facetious demon says:

If I chose,

I might be whiter; but I have a penchant
For black—it is so honest. - - -
- - If I give another form, it must be
By fair exchange, not robbery. For they
Who make men without women's aid, have long
Had patients for the same, and do not love
Your interlopers. The Devil may take men,
Not make them,—though he reap the benefit
Of the original workmanship. - - -

When the Devil and his newly made Achilles
quarrel, this is their pitiful colloquy:

Arnold. Dog!

Cesar. Man!

Arnold. Devil!

Cesar. Your obedient, humble

And when the Constable Bourbon is killed
on assaulting Rome, to his call of "Now, boys,
on! on!" the witty devil observes, "And off,"
as he falls from the shot!! Indeed the sack-
ing of a city is full of merriment to Lord B.
What have we here? A Cardinal or two
That do not seem in love with martyrdom.
How the 'old red-shanks scamper! Could they
off" [be]
Their hose as they have doffed their hats, 'twould
A blessing, as a mark the less for plunder.
But let them fly, the crimson kennels now [mine
Will not much stain their stockings, since the
Is of the self-same purple hue.

- - - The Harlot [says a wounded Lutheran] of
the Seven Hills

Had changed her scarlet raiment for sackcloth
And ashes! [The Lutheran dies.

Cesar. Yes, thine own amidst the rest.
Well done, old Bab!

[The Guards defend themselves desperately,
while the Pontif escapes, by a private
passage, to the Vatican and the Castle of
St. Angelo.

Cesar. Ha! right nobly battled!
Now, Priest! now, Soldier! the two great pro-
fessions,
Together by the ears and hearts! I have not
Seen a more comic pantomime since Titus
Took Jewry. But the Romans had the best then;
Now they must take their turn.

Soldiers. He hath escaped!
Follow!

Another Soldier. They have barred the narrow passage up,
And it is clogged with dead even to the door.

Cesar. I am glad he hath escaped: he may thank me for't
In part. I would not have his Bulls abolished—
'Twere worth one half our empire: his Indul-
Demand some in return. - - - [gences

But these specimens of the Devil's, alias
Master Cæsar's, sportive vein, have seduced us
into the middle of the drama. We should
first have told that as Arnold is about to com-
mit suicide, the demon rises from a fountain,
and, in requital for his soul, allows him the
choice of any body he fancies. The phantoms
pass before his eyes, and, rejecting Cæsar,
Alcibiades, Socrates, Antony, * and Demetrius
Poliocetes, he selects the shape of
Achilles; while his devilish ally animates his
own now untenanted carcass, and follows him
as a valet, called by the name of Cæsar, (tho'
Thersites would have been more appropriate)
to the taking of Rome by the Constable Bour-
bon, whose force the precious companions

* The description of Antony's shade is fine—
What's here? whose broad brow and whose curly beard
And manly aspect look like Hercules,
Save that his jocund eye hath more of Bacchus
Than the sad Purger of the infernal world,
Leaning dejected on his club of conquest,
As if he knew the worthlessness of those
For whom he had fought.

join. Here every thing affords food for ribald
jest and mockery, and the cloven foot is, alas!
too sadly exposed. In an invocation of fire,
it is blasphemously written,

Fire! without which nought can live;

Fire! but in which nought can live,

Save the fabled salamander,

Or immortal souls which wander,

Praying what doth not forgive,

Howling for a drop of water,

Burning in a quenchless lot.

Agnus: Alas! And shall the City yield? I see the Giant

Abode of the true God, and his true Saint,

Saint Peter, rear its dome and cross into

That sky whence Christ ascended from the cross,

Which his blood made a badge of glory and

God and God's Son, Man's sole and only refuge.)

Cesar.

Tis there, and shall be.

Arnold. What?

Cesar. The Crucifix

Above, and many altar shrines below.

Also some culverins upon the walls,

And harquebusses, and what not. - - -

And again, when Rome is taken:

Lutheran Soldier. Revenge! Revenge!

Plunder hereafter, but for vengeance now—

Yonder stands Anti-Christ! [tie!]

Cesar (interposing.) How now, Schismatis!

What would'st thou?

Lutheran Soldier. In the holy name of Christ,

Destroy proud Anti-Christ. I am a Christian.

Cesar.

Year, a disciple that would make the Founder

Of thy belief renounce it, could he see

Such proselytes. - - -

[The Lutheran Soldier rushes forward; a shot

strikes him from one of the Pope's Guards,

and he falls at the foot of the Altar.

Cesar (to the Lutheran.)

I told you so.

Lutheran Soldier.

And will you not avenge me?

Cesar. [Lord's.] Not I! You know that "Vengeance is the

You see he loves no interlopers.

A woman is killed—

Arnold. Oh! she is lifeless!

Cesar. If

She be so, I have nought to do with that:

The resurrection is beyond me.

But we will not stain our page with more
of this impious stuff and miserable buffoonery.
The writer who fears God so little, cannot be
expected to honour kings; and therefore his
styling them "bloodhounds" (p. 55) is not
worth a remark.

In truth, the whole composition is a dis-
gusting farrago of impotent blasphemy, low
ideas, and wretched poetry. There are not
half a dozen passages which could be cited as
being above mediocrity; and the ensemble is
as deformed an abortion as the hero himself,
without the possibility of being transformed
by any magic. To prove this, we shall pay
some slight attention to the incantations, &c.
where if poetry were to be found, we might
expect to find it. Let Shakspeare be forgotten
while that charm which altered Arnold into
Achilles is read.

Shadows of beauty!

Shadows of power!

Rise to your duty—

This is the hour!

Walk lovely and pliant

From the depth of this fountain,

As the cloud-shapen giant

Bestrides the Hartz mountain.

Come as ye were,

That our eyes may behold

The model in air
Of the form I will mould,

Bright as the Iris

When ether is spanned;—

Such his desire is, [Pointing to Arnold.

Such my command!

Demons heroic—

Demons who wore

The form of the Stoic

Or Sophist of yore—

Or the shape of each Victor,

From Macedon's boy†

To each high Roman's picture,

Who breathed to destroy—

Shadows of Beauty!

Shadows of Power!

Up to your duty—

This is the hour!

Another of these sublime invocations, that
to the phantom of Achilles, begins—

Beautiful Shadow

Of Thetis's boy!

Who sleeps in the meadow

Whose grass grows o'er Troy:

From the red earth, like Adam,

Thy likeness I shape,

As the Being who made him,

Whose actions I ape.

Another, when the demon enters the dis-
carded corpse of Hunchback:

Clay! not dead, but soul-less!

Though no man would choose thee,

An immortal no less

Deigns not to refuse thee.

And another, called the Song of the Soldiers,
who are about to attack Rome, runs in this
precious dogrel:

We have beaten all foemen,

We have captured a king,

We have turned back on no men,

And so let us sing!

Here's the Bourbon for ever!

Though penniless all,

We'll have one more endeavour

At yonder old wall.

With the Bourbon we'll gather

At day-dawn before

The gates, and together!

Or break or climb o'er

The wall: on the ladder, &c. - - -

Up! up! with the lily!

And down with the keys!

In old Rome, the Seven-hilly,

We'll revel at ease.

Certainly his poor Lordship is ill at these
numbers; lame, lame indeed! The following,
though with many blemishes, we quote in jus-
tice to his former poetical fame, as not only
the longest, but by far the best:

Before the Walls of Rome. The assault: the
army in motion, with ladders to scale the walls;
Bourbon, with a white scarf over his armour,
foremost.

Chorus of Spirits in the air.

'Tis the morn, but dim and dark.

Whither flies the silent lark?

Whither shrinks the clouded sun?

Is the day indeed begun?

Nature's eye is melancholy

O'er the city high and holy:

But without there is a din

Should arouse the Saints within,

And revive the heroic ashes

Round which yellow Tiber dashes.

Oh ye seven hills! awaken,

Ere your very base be shaken!

Hearken to the steady stamp!

Mars is in their every tramp!

Not a step is out of tune,

As the tides obey the moon!

On they march, though to self-slaughter,

Regular as rolling water,

* His Lordship's chronology is a little in error when he classes Alcibiades in this train of successors to Alexander.

Whose high waves o'ersweep the border
Of huge moles, but keep their order,
Breaking only rank by rank.
Harken to the armour's clank !
Look down o'er each frowning warrior,
How he glares upon the barrier :
Look on each step of each ladder,
As the stripes that streak an adder.
Look upon the bristling wall,
Manned without an interval !
Round and round, and tier on tier,
Cannon's black mouth, shining spear,
Lit match, bell-mouthed musquetoon,
Gaping to be murderous soon.
All the warlike gear of old,
Mixed with what we now behold,
In this strife 'twixt old and new,
Gather like a locusts' crew.
Shade of Remus ! 'Tis a time
Awful as thy brother's crime !
Christians war against Christ's shrine :—
Must its lot be like to thine ?
Near—and near—nearer still,
As the earthquake saps the hill,
First with trembling, hollow motion,
Like a scarce-awakened ocean,
Then with stronger shock and louder,
Till the rocks are crushed to powder,—
Onward sweeps the rolling host !
Heroes of the immortal boast !
Mighty Chiefs ! Eternal Shadows !
First flowers of the bloody meadows !
Which encompass Rome, the mother
Of a people without brother !
Will you sleep when nations' quarrels
Plough the root up of your laurels ?
Ye who wept o'er Carthage burning,
Weep not—strike ! for Rome is mourning !

After this, the chorus falls off piteously ;
and we turn back to copy an animated sketch
of the devil's four black horses :

The mighty steam, which volumes high
From their proud nostrils, burns the very air ;
And sparks of flame, like dancing fire-flies, wheel
Around their manes, as common insects swarm
Round common steeds towards sunset.

Among the facetiae, the following yet remain to be quoted, and then we may retire, leaving the author to his own reflections on the impartial justice we have done this disgraceful publication :

— The Devil's always ugly ; and your beauty
Is never diabolical. — —

— — — Like your statesman,
And prophet, pontiff, doctor, alchymist,
Philosopher, and what not, they have built
More Babel without new dispersion, than fooze,
The stammering young ones of the Flood's dull
Who failed and fled each other. Why? why,
marry,
Because no man could understand his neighbour.
They are wiser now, and will not separate
For nonsense. — — —

As a proof that we are not of this disposition towards the writer, we will transcribe a bit of his nonsense before we part :

Well ! I must play with these poor puppets : 'tis the Spirit's pestilence in his idler hours. When I grow weary of it, I have business amongst the stars, which these poor creatures deem were made for them to look at. 'Twere a jest now to bring one down amongst them, and set fire unto their ant hill : how the pismires then would scamper o'er the scalding soil, and, ceasing from tearing down each others' nests, pipe forth one universal orison ! Ha ! ha !

But enough. There is neither good aim, end, purpose, nor talent, in the Deformed Transformed ; and like most of the latter productions of the same pen, its pollution must sink it into speedy oblivion.

^t This passage appears to be verse in the printed book !

Supplement to the Comparative Estimate of the Mosaical Geologies : relating chiefly to the Geological Indications of the Phenomena of the Cave at Kirkdale. By the Author of the Comparative Estimate. 8vo. pp. 190. London 1823. Duncan.

In a former Number we stated our opinion of the respectable work to which the present is a Supplement, and a truly valuable Supplement it is. The discovery of the cavern at Kirkdale, in Yorkshire, and its extraordinary contents of fossil teeth, bones of elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, bear, tiger, hyæna, and other animals, as related by Professor Buckland, is admitted a geological fact, and, as many other accounts have been, in proof of an universal deluge ; but the particular inferences and geological explanations made on this discovery are points which, in the opinion of our author, demand greater and more comprehensive elements than the circumstances of that discovery furnish, by which to establish any certain demonstrations as to the actual state of our Planet, at a period antecedent to the last great convulsion which has affected its surface. Mr. Penn enters into an examination of Mr. Buckland's opinions, which he summarily considers in nine arguments. "But, that which constitutes the most weighty and really important objection to this ingeniously inventive hypothesis (says he, p. 44) is its direct contradiction of the philosophical conclusions to which the principles of the *Mosaical Geology*, closely and uninterruptedly pursued from the beginning, have gradually and eventually conducted us ; whilst, at the same time, it is disproved with any counter-principles, deduced from that or any other geology of equal extent, or of virtue to invalidate, or in any degree to affect those conclusions ; laying no deeper foundation for its support than the superficies of present sensible phenomena.

— Thus, not only the hypothesis is attended with its own peculiar difficulties, which are absolutely insurmountable ; but, if it were otherwise, it would still leave the great foundation of divine historical revelation in darkness and perplexity. The *Reliquiae Diluvianæ* has, indeed, ably and unanswerably added to the demonstrations of the truth of the *Sacred history of a deluge* ; not by hypotheses of hyæna's dens, or bears' dens, but by its sagacious discrimination between alluvial and diluvial productions, duly limiting the operation of the former, and vindicating to the latter its own proper and exclusive effects ; and by its enforcement of the amazing proofs of inundation at high level." Thus hath our author applied his discriminating judgment in the examination of an hypothesis, whose tendency and bearings stand opposed to the most express testimony of the Mosaical record, and which would substitute, for the evidences of that sacred record, the solitary and uncertain conjectures relative to the cave at Kirkdale, and the supposition of a great and unknown convulsion or convulsions, by which our planet was visited anterior to the deluge, in order to account for the extraordinary phenomena, the history and chronology of which he presumes to have determined. We shall quote the author's own words, (p. 126.) "The estimable author of the *Reliquiae Diluvianæ* also speaks in the plural, of 'more early revolutions' than that of the deluge, and yet I find the one antecedent revolution authenticated in the record sufficient for all the effects to which he thus generally and poetically attributes a plurality.

Certainly (says he) the binary revolutions of Moses will be found abundantly sufficient to unveil all the mystery of the effects pointed out by himself." These binary revolutions to which our author appeals, are the Creation and the Deluge, the only authenticated revolutions, if so they may be termed, in the Mosaical geology and history. The argument is highly interesting : "The facts developed in this charnel-house of the antediluvian forests of Yorkshire, (says Mr. Buckland,) demonstrate that there was a long succession of years in which the elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus had been the prey of hyænas, which, like themselves, inhabited England in the period immediately preceding the formation of the diluvial gravel ; and if they inhabited this country, it follows as a corollary, that they inhabited all those other regions of the northern hemisphere in which similar bones have been found." Professor B. affirms in the positions which have just been assembled, that the transport of equatorial animals to northern latitudes by the diluvial waters, and the interchange of the surfaces respectively occupied by land and water, are now for the first time disproved ; and, that the fact of these animals having inhabited antediluvian *Britannia* is now for the first time established. But, replies our author, "by what potent testimony ? by the omnipotent solution of the hyæna's den, by the presence of their remains in *Yorkshire*, and by the phenomena which, he alleges, confirms his history and chronology of the cave at Kirkdale." The various reasons and arguments by which the author of the *Comparative Estimate* and of the *Supplement* thereto, maintains his positions in defence of the Mosaical record as the true system of geology, against those of Mr. B., are well worthy our reader's perusal.

To this Supplement are added, by way of appendix, notes "on the numerous revolutions of M. Le Baron Cuvier," and "on the Mosaic days of Creation." To the latter of which we shall direct our attention. The object of this Note is to define and establish the Scripture sense of the word 'day,' as it is used in the Mosaical account of the Creation, which Mr. Granville Penn asserts to be used in the plain, literal, historical sense, being a measure of time, or portion of actual time, which is included between two evenings or sun-sets, or a single revolution of the earth round its axis. The occasion of this Note is explained by the writer thus : "The learned and pious author of the Treatise on the *Three Dispensations*, in the geological disquisition which he has introduced, as it were episodically, into that interesting work, has made a very strenuous effort to secure to the word *day*, in the first Chapter of Genesis, that distracting and improbable vagueness of signification which shall render it available to denote measures of time from twenty-four hours to six thousand years, and even to periods wholly undetermined." The Rev. Mr. Faber's argument respecting the *days* of Creation, is summarily this : "If one of the seven days be a natural day, then all the seven days are natural days : if one be a period of great length, then all must be periods of great length. Let us then take the seventh day, or Divine Sabbath, for our test ; for, just as we understand the seventh day, or Sabbath, so we must understand them all. But the seventh day, or Sabbath, (he affirms,) has not yet terminated ; the Divine Sabbath, or seventh day, is therefore a period of not less than

6000 years: hence each of the six days must have been equivalent to a period equaling or exceeding 6000 years. Therefore, not less than *seven times six thousand years* have elapsed since the Creation, and we are now in the year of the world circ. 42,000."

"This sudden call upon us (says Mr. G. Penn) to admit for the first time, at the present moment of the world, that our Lord was born circ. A.M. 40,177, instead of *circ. A.M. 4004*, proposes an alarming alteration of our chronology, to which, however the learned author may have familiarized his own mind, we cannot implicitly assent, without demanding the authority; but as soon as we are told that we are to concede this alteration to the *'decisive discoveries of modern physiologists'*, our alarm at once subsides, and we feel no hesitation in altogether refusing our submission to an authority so incompetent and so illegitimate for imposing, or causing to be imposed, a *new interpretation* on the plain terms of *Revelation*."

Note.—Since writing the foregoing, we have seen the Edinburgh Review, which contains a long article on the same subjects, but produces nothing to alter the view we had previously taken. We however entirely agree with its recommendation of liberality and abstinence from dogmatism in all theories respecting events so very difficult, distant, and obscure.

Duke Christian of Luneburg, or Tradition from the Hartz. By Miss Jane Porter. 3 vols. 12mo. Longman & Co.

It is Miss Porter's highest praise, that at a period when novel-writing was but another name for either sentimental absurdity or licentious trash, her works bore the mark of mind and the impress of the highest principle. The present is a brilliant epoch in this species of composition, but *Thaddeus of Warsaw* appeared before the epoch commenced. *Christian of Luneburg* is written in the same excellent language and pure morality as its predecessors, but it is scarcely equal to them in the interest of the story. There are three principal heroes, all so perfect, that we know not which should claim the preference; and again, too large a portion of these pages is taken up with mere detail of the political feeling and events of the time. The second volume is by far the most amusing and interesting. The scenes in England are ably drawn, and the characters of Henry of Wales, and Elizabeth, his sister, will, we think, both excite and rivet attention.

This is a historical romance, and refers to the ancestry of our gracious King, to whom it is dedicated. The period is one of activity and interest, when the grand Protestant struggle took place in Germany. But we are unable to go into detail, and shall, as an example, (which must be pleasing to English readers, (for the scene changes from Germany to England,) quote the interview between Prince Christian and Shakespeare. Genius is never so well praised as by genius.

"Christian checked his horse, struck with the whole appearance of this man; for his countenance was distinguished as his figure; his unbonneted head displaying a brow so expansive in mental dignity, with eyes of such bright yet mild intelligence, that both seemed ready to mirror every high expression of which the soul of man is capable. Those speaking eyes met the fixed gaze of the German Prince, who immediately moving his horse on to the side of Henry—'Who is that noble person?' enquired he, in a lowered voice; while with an answering look accompanying the bend of his own head, he ob-

served a something even of effulgence pass over the stranger's face, in bowing to him: an act of respect, that appeared in consequence of having met so fixed a regard from one he knew to be the Prince of Luneburg.

"'Who is he?' returned the Prince of Wales, recovering from an abstraction, which had hardly noticed the obeisance he had received:—'Only Shakespeare, our dramatist.'

"'Only Shakespeare?' retorted Luneburg; 'Only, indeed!—His writings—himself—bear one stamp!—Were I Prince of this land, I know not but I should make that man chief of my council. Such men are the hands and feet of a great state.'

"Henry smiled. 'He is what you say:—and I take shame to myself for my *only*;—but I was thinking more of his lessons than himself.—Would your highness like to know him?'

"'Before almost any other man in Europe,' replied the Prince; and while his young friend, with one of his most gracious smiles beckoned the poet, Christian dismounted.—Henry, with the noble observance of his own royal nature, understood the spontaneous action; and vaulting from his saddle, advanced directly to the poet, who had drawn a step respectfully backward, on perceiving the Brunswick hero approaching also.

"'Shakespeare,' said the heir of England, 'it is not necessary to say to you, that this is the Prince of Luneburg—who as much wishes you had been his countryman, as we are satisfied in having you ours.'

"Luneburg's high soul acknowledged the presence in which he stood:—of a mind, royal, noble, in all but the trappings and the power!—And Luneburg felt with his peer.—Shakespeare, who knew this boast of Germany by character, did not seem to shrink from the presence of the Prince:—he felt his fellowship in that of the hero. But still, with the conscious dignity of such minds, abides that principle of respect for all 'their likes,' which ever preserves due deference to the stations they hold; and a reverence to the spirit within, no familiarity can ever lessen.

"'To tell the author of the volume I see in every hand I honour most,—what I wish, or think, at this moment,' returned Christian, clasping with cordial warmth the hand the Prince had put into his, 'is neither in my purpose, nor my power.—But I feel meeting the soul of Harry Percy—of Henry Monmouth—in this hand!—Christian of Brunswick owns the blood of one; and having a heart for both, claims your esteem. Come to me sometimes while I am yet in England.—Christian would have added:—'and I shall then carry away with me two treasures—the friendship of this Prince, and of an English subject, whom all the world honours!'—But a delicacy of saying all he felt, checked him, and he paused abruptly;—though his eloquent countenance told more than even his words could have uttered.

"A fine suffusion passed over the noble brow of the bard; and he bowed with a look, which spoke more than any language, save his own, could have declared. It was the look of one elevated mind, acknowledging, with relative respect, the lofty sympathy common to both. Indeed, the highest order of minds are ever readiest to pay homage where due; neither fearing to subtract from themselves, nor be mistaken for flatterers. But men of moderate capacities, often jealous of their stations in opinion, not only deprecate what they cannot attain, but carp at every show

of respect, like persons of dubious rank in a matter of precedence; while the nobility of mind, as well as of degree, naturally find their places yielded to them."

We shall close our observations by remarking, that it would be well if the shelves of circulating libraries were filled with such works as Miss Porter's.

Valdimar, or the Career of Falsehood. A Tale for Youth. Written for her Children, by a Mother; Author of "Always Happy," &c. 12mo. pp. 328. J. Harris & Son.

This little work is by a Lady, of whose productions we have on several occasions spoken in terms of deserved approbation. Our intention was to notice it on its first appearance, but accidental circumstances prevented us. It is an interesting domestic story, in which the evils of falsehood and the benefits of truth are strongly contrasted, with reference not merely to the broader characteristics of these qualities, on which most persons agree in principle, whatever they may do in practice, but also to the nicer distinctions of accuracy and inaccuracy in relation, which, however insignificant they may seem to the thoughtless or superficial observer, are of infinite importance in the formation of the youthful character.

The chief personages of the tale are cousins, Valdimar Walsingham and Allan Walsingham: the one the child of opulent parents, the other a destitute orphan; the one vitiated by mistaken fondness, the other confirmed in good early habits by the lessons of adversity; the one passing through a career of dissipation and guilt to a premature and violent death, the other crowning a youth of inflexible virtue and unwearied activity by a manhood of dignified usefulness and honourable enjoyment. Without entering into an analysis of the story, we shall extract a few detached passages, indicative of the ability and discernment with which it is conducted.

The following are among the scenes of Valdimar's childhood:

"Valdimar also thrrove; but it seemed as if he gained vigour in spite of management, rather than from its aid. Whilst Allan was moderately fed on simple fare, daily immersed in cold water, and gradually inured to bear exposure to the open air in all weathers and all seasons, the young heir was fed to loathing with delicacies and sweetmeats, as daintily washed as if water were either unattainable or poisonous, and carefully guarded from every breath of Heaven. He became clumsy fat, and it was as much as nature could do to overmaster the pernicious plans of the nurse; but the singular vigour of his constitution conquered every obstacle. From the nurse, too, he received the rudiments of mental tuition. The conversation of his attendants gave him some ineffaceable impressions; and he himself received many a lesson of direct instruction: 'Yes, my pretty dear, I will give you that; yes, darling, you shall go there, but Mamma must not know of it, you must not tell Mamma.' The mother made the anticipated inquiries, and the well-schooled boy unhesitatingly denied facts, unblushingly asserted untruths. Mrs. Nurse in the mean time felt quite satisfied that she had upon established rules inculcated truth. She had taught Valdimar to repeat Watts's hymn against lying; she had read to him the story of the wicked Ananias and his wife Sapphira; she had given him many a long, long lecture

on the sin of falsehood. Though she had at such times repeatedly commanded him to stand still and mind what she was saying, she bitterly complained that he would not mind her; that he would be jumping about, and then denying he had done so: or looking out of the window, or some such naughty thing all the time she was speaking to him. To be sure she could not help that; she had done her duty; she had never failed to call him from his play or whatever he was about, to his daily lesson.

"That daily lesson how delightful a source of information! Master Valdimar was riding his rocking horse, or whipping his top, and 'lending all his soul at every stroke,' nurse was at leisure; so, 'Come, my dear, come to read; come to your lesson,' was in such a moment judiciously vociferated into the ears of the unwilling pupil. At the price of a loud roar, and after a scene of boisterous contention, the boy was dragged from his amusement, and with all his thoughts engaged on tops and rocking horses, was made to hear and to read the customary task. His sullen lips indeed uttered the sounds, but the words raised no corresponding ideas in his mind, and he thankfully closed the hated lesson, to return to pleasures endeared by suspension.

"His mother was as great a friend to truth as nurse, and almost as judicious in her measures for inculcating it. 'I hope, my dear Valdimar, you will always speak truth.' 'Yes, Mamma.' 'You must never say what is not true.' 'No, Mamma.' The father entering just then, presented an invitation to his wife. 'I shall not go to those people,' quoth the lady. 'What shall I say, my dear?' 'Oh, say we are engaged, particularly engaged.' 'But we are not engaged, my dear?' 'I know that, but you must say so, or it will seem so rude to send a denial without a reason for it.'

"A poor little parish girl, from dread of the violence of the housekeeper, was detected in a lie. This was an excellent opportunity for giving an indirect lesson to young Valdimar; her lady, therefore, sent for her, and before him gave her a warning of some length, in which all the sins and sorrows of falsehood were ably depicted. A chariot appearing in the avenue, somewhat abruptly closed this ingenious harangue. 'Run, Mary, run instantly to Thomas, and tell him to say I am not at home.' The half stupefied child had just sense enough to stare at the command. 'You dunce, do you not hear? go, say I am not at home.' The child flew to obey the order; to reflect upon the difference of practice and precept. Valdimar, fatigued with a tedious lecture, of which he only attended to the opening sentence—'You must always speak truth:' was perfectly alive to the action that followed. He mused upon it for a moment, (for he was never allowed to muse long on any thing,) but it was just long enough to fix this maxim on his recollection—'That rich people may tell lies whenever lies are more convenient than truth, but the poor only when the rich command them.'

Again: "The manners of Valdimar were surprisingly genteel and polite. At four years old he was quite a little gentleman. His attentive mother had indeed taken immense pains to make him such. He was perfect master of all the seemings and counterfeiting that are necessary to courtly demeanour. He did not answer rudely, because it would sound so vulgar. He did not eat heartily, because it would seem so odd. He did not

speak honestly, because it would appear so strange. The semblance of all the cardinal virtues was his; eyes, voice, and limbs, were all governed by the rules of taste and ton. His heart had nothing to do in the affair, for he found he could generally act most accordingly to the wishes of his mamma, when he did not listen to its dictates. His nurse, a smart genteel young woman, fit to be seen, and worthy to be admired, was completely distanced in ingenuity and ready reply by her young master. Very apt to make mistakes, and very careless in excusing them, very skilful in preaching against falsehood, and very clever in practising against truth, it was not miraculous that some of her mistakes were detected and some of them reprobated.

"It was not worth your while, Thompson, about such a trifle to deceive me,' would her mistress say; a saying, that of course inspired both maid and child with the idea, that to deceive when a great point was to be gained, was more excusable.

"Then in the parlour would Valdimar hear, —'Thompson is so deceitful, she does tell so many fibs, it is quite tiresome; but she is such an excellent servant, her manners and language are so much above the vulgar; she is so clever with her needle, that I cannot think of parting with her.'

"Valdimar consequently thought that lying and deceiving were faults compensated by cleverness and ingenuity. — — —

"Valdimar, my love, ring the bell. I must have the chariot to-day, to call upon those tiresome people the Wilmots.'

"Why should you call upon them, Sophia? you do not like them.'

"No, ma'am, that's very true; I have a vast dislike to them: they appear purse-proud and conceited.'

"Then do not visit them.—'Oh! I must.—Why?'

"This was a teasing monosyllable.

"Why!—really, mother, I don't know; because every body has called—and they live in a certain style, and people must be neighbourly.'

"Aye, in words, whatever the feeling," responded Mrs. Grey, but her speech was probably not heard, for assuredly it was not needed.

"The delighted boys accompanied Mrs. Walsingham; her high-flown compliments and cordial greetings did not startle Valdimar, he continually heard her so address persons, whom in their absence she poignantly satirized; but Allan gazed with astonishment on the curtseyings and shaking of hands, listened with amazement to 'My dear ma'am,' and 'My dear Sir,' and all the courtly course of high-bred cordiality.

"They drove from Wilmot Lodge: 'As we pass Lord Beaufort's, James, do run down to the house, and with my kind regards say, I am very anxious to know how Lady Beaufort to-day.'

The chariot stopped; James executed his lady's orders, and as he returned breathless to the door, the lady let down the glass to say 'Home.'

"At dinner something was said of Lady Beaufort's alarming state. 'Bless me,' cried the lady, 'I thought she was as well as could be expected. James, you inquire?'

"Yes, madam.'

"Oh! I am glad I asked; I would not seem so unfeeling for the world."

"But now, you have not heard of Lady Beaufort."

"Aye, true, what did they say, James?" The impression which such lessons, "growing with his growth and strengthening with his strength," make upon Valdimar's mind, is very evident in the progress of the tale. With his father's concurrence, Valdimar is about to unite himself to a young lady of quality, when, equally false in great as in ordinary concerns, he deserts his intended bride at the foot of the altar, and runs off with the daughter of the curate of the parish. His extravagance subsequently plunges him into every species of difficulty. To extricate himself, he has recourse to forgery; and being detected, he flies to the continent, where he perishes in a duel in which his duplicity involves him.

The contrast to all this baseness in the character and conduct of Allan, is very pleasingly drawn; but our limits will not allow us to touch upon it. Besides these two principal characters, there are various others which diversify the narrative, and are very powerfully marked, especially Mrs. Ormsby, one of those silly, vain, and selfish creatures, who fancy themselves all delicacy and refinement, and indulge in every impertinence accordingly.

"So exquisite was her sensibility, so refined her ideas, so languishing her movements, that she often fancied herself the shrine in which sensibility was encased. She spoke so low, she looked so mild, she ate so little. So small a bustle would agitate her nerves, so slight a sorrow would bedew her eyes with crystal drops, so trivial a joy would reddish her cheeks with the lovely glow of transport, that she could not but suppose the good-natured world would think her, what she thought herself."

It is highly creditable to the good sense and good feeling of our fair countrywomen, that this is a race of beings rapidly becoming extinct.

In closing this able little volume, we must express our persuasion that there are few youthful readers who would not derive considerable benefit from the perusal of "Valdimar."

COWPER'S CORRESPONDENCE.

By taking the following extracts, for which room could not be spared in either of our two last Numbers, we shall deem justice to be done to the first of these interesting volumes. The reader, whether gay, grave, or literary, or all combined, is sure to be gratified.

The country around us is much alarmed with apprehensions of fire. Two have happened, since that of Olney. One at Hitchin, where the damage is said to amount to eleven thousand pounds, and another, at a place not far from Hitchin, of which I have not learnt the name. Letters have been dropped at Bedford, threatening to burn the town; and the inhabitants have been so intimidated, as to have placed a guard in many parts of it, several nights past. Since our conflagration here, we have sent two women and a boy to the justice, for depredation; S——R——, for stealing a piece of beef, which, in her excuse, she said she intended to take care of. This lady, whom you well remember, escaped for want of evidence; not that evidence was indeed wanting, but our men of Gotham judged it unnecessary to send it. With her went the woman I mentioned before, who, it seems, has made some sort of profession, but upon this occasion allowed herself a latitude of conduct rather incon-

sistent with it, having filled her apron with wearing apparel, which she likewise intended to take care of. She would have gone to the county gaol, had William Raban, the baker's son, who prosecuted, insisted upon it; but he goodnaturedly, though I think weakly, interposed in her favour, and begged her off. The young gentleman who accompanied these fair ones, is the junior son of Molly Boswell. He had stolen some iron-work, the property of Griggs, the butcher. Being convicted, he was ordered to be whipt, which operation he underwent at the cart's tail, from the stone-house to the high arch, and back again. He seemed to shew great fortitude, but it was all an imposition upon the public. The beadle, who performed it, had filled his left hand with red ochre, through which, after every stroke, he drew the lash of his whip, leaving the appearance of a wound upon the skin, but in reality not hurting him at all. This being perceived by Mr. Constable H——, who followed the beadle, he applied his cane, without any such management or precaution, to the shoulders of the too merciful executioner. The scene immediately became more interesting. The beadle could by no means be prevailed upon to strike hard, which provoked the constable to strike harder; and this double flogging continued, till a lass of Silver-end, pitying the pitiful beadle thus suffering under the hands of the pitiless constable, joined the procession, and placing herself immediately behind the latter, seized him by his capillary club, and pulling him backwards by the same, slapt his face with a most Amazonian fury. This concatenation of events has taken up more of my paper than I intended it should, but I could not forbear to inform you how the beadle threshed the thief, the constable the beadle, and the lady the constable, and how the thief was the only person concerned who suffered nothing. - - -

"To the Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

"April 20, 1783.

"My Dear Friend,—My device was intended to represent not my own heart, but the heart of a Christian, mourning and yet rejoicing, pierced with thorns, yet wreathed about with roses. I have the thorn without the rose. My briar is a wintry one, the flowers are withered, but the thorn remains. My days are spent in vanity, and it is impossible for me to spend them otherwise. No man upon earth is more sensible of the unprofitableness of a life like mine, than I am, or groans more heavily under the burthen; but this too is vanity, because it is in vain; my groans will not bring the remedy, because there is no remedy for me. The time when I seem to be most rationally employed, is when I am reading. My studies, however, are very much confined, and of little use, because I have no books but what I borrow, and nobody will lend me a memory. My own is almost worn out. I read the Biografia and the Review. If all the readers of the former had memories like mine, the compilers of that work would in vain have laboured to rescue the great names of past ages from oblivion, for what I read to-day, I forget to-morrow. A by-stander might say, This is rather an advantage, the book is always new;—but I beg the by-stander's pardon; I can recollect though I cannot remember, and with the book in my hand I recognise those passages which, without the book, I should never have thought of more. - -

"I see—(though he was a learned

man, and sometimes wrote like a wise one) labouring under invincible prejudices against the truth and its professors; heterodox in his opinion upon some religious subjects, and reasoning most weakly in support of them. How has he toiled to prove that the perdition of the wicked is not eternal, that there may be repentance in hell, and that the devils may be saved at last: thus establishing, as far as in him lies, the belief of a purgatory, and approaching nearer to the church of Rome than ever any Methodist did, though papalizing is the crime with which he charges all of that denomination. When I think of him, I think too of some who shall say hereafter, 'Have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name done many wondrous works? Then shall he say unto them, Depart from me, for I never knew you.' But perhaps he might be enlightened in his last moments, and saved in the very article of dissolution. It is much to be wished, and indeed hoped, that he was. Such a man reprobated in the great day, would be the most melancholy spectacle of all that shall stand at the left hand hereafter. But I do not think that many, or indeed any will be found there, who in their lives were sober, virtuous, and sincere, truly pious in the use of their little light, and though ignorant of God, in comparison with some others, yet sufficiently informed to know that he is to be feared, loved, and trusted. An operation is often performed within the curtains of a dying bed, in behalf of such men, that the nurse and the doctor (I mean the doctor and the nurse) have no suspicion of. The soul makes but one step out of darkness into light, and makes that step without a witness. My brother's case has made me very charitable in my opinion about the future state of such men. - - -

"To the Same.

"Sept. 8, 1783.

"My Dear Friend,—I have been lately more dejected and more distressed than usual: more harassed by dreams in the night, and more deeply poisoned by them in the following day. I know not what is portended by an alteration for the worse, after eleven years of misery; but firmly believe that it is not designed as the introduction of a change for the better. You know not what I suffered while you were here, nor was there any need you should. Your friendship for me would have made you in some degree a partaker of my woes; and your share in them would have been increased by your inability to help me. Perhaps, indeed, they took a keener edge from the consideration of your presence. The friend of my heart, the person with whom I had formerly taken sweet counsel, no longer useful to me as a minister, no longer pleasant to me as a Christian, was a spectacle that must necessarily add the bitterness of mortification to the sadness of despair. I now see a long winter before me, and am to get through it as I can. I know the ground, before I tread upon it. It is hollow; it is agitated; it suffers shocks in every direction; it is like the soil of Calabria—all whirlpool and undulation. But I must reel through it; at least, if I be not swallowed up by the way. Yours, W. C.

"To the Rev. WILLIAM UNWIN.

"Nov. 24, 1781.

"My Dear Friend,—News is always acceptable, especially from another world. I cannot tell you what has been done in the Chesapeake, but I can tell you what has

passed in West Wycombe, in this county. Do you feel yourself disposed to give credit to the story of an apparition? No, say you. I am of your mind. I do not believe more than one in hundred of those tales with which old women frighten children, and teach children to frighten each other. But you are not such a philosopher, I suppose, as to have persuaded yourself that an apparition is an impossible thing. You can attend to a story of that sort, if well authenticated? Yes, Then I can tell you one.

You have heard, no doubt, of the romantic friendship that subsisted once between Paul Whitehead, and Lord le Despenser, the late Sir Francis Dashwood.—When Paul died, he left his lordship a legacy. It was his heart, which was taken out of his body, and sent as directed. His friend having built a church, and, at that time just finished it, used it as a mausoleum upon this occasion; and having (as I think the newspapers told us at the time) erected an elegant pillar in the centre of it, on the summit of this pillar, enclosed in a golden urn, he placed the heart in question. But not as a lady places a china figure upon her mantle-tree, or on the top of her cabinet, but with much respectful ceremony, and all the forms of funeral solemnity. He hired the best singers and the best performers. He composed an anthem for the purpose, he invited all the nobility and gentry in the country to assist at the celebration of these obsequies, and having formed them all into an august procession, marched to the place appointed at their head, and consigned the posthumous treasure, with his own hands to its state of honourable elevation. Having thus, as he thought, and as he might well think, (.) appeared the manes of the deceased, he rested satisfied with what he had done, and supposed his friend would rest. But not so,—about a week since I received a letter from a person, who cannot have been misinformed, telling me that Paul has appeared frequently of late, and that there are few, if any, of his lordship's numerous household, who have not seen him, sometimes in the park, sometimes in the garden, as well as in the house, by day and by night, indifferently. I make no reflection upon this incident, having other things to write about, and but little room. - - -

"I learned when I was a boy, being the son of a staunch Whig, and a man that loved his country, to glow with that patriotic enthusiasm which is apt to break forth into poetry, or at least to prompt a person, if he has any inclination that way, to poetical endeavours. Prior's pieces of that sort were recommended to my particular notice; and as that part of the present century was a season when clubs of a political character, and consequently political songs, were much in fashion, the best in that style, some written by Rowe, and I think some by Congreve, and many by other wits of the day, were proposed to my admiration. Being grown up, I became desirous of imitating such bright examples, and while I lived in the Temple produced several half-penny ballads, two or three of which had the honour to be popular. What we learn in childhood we retain long; and the successes we met with, about three years ago, when D'Eestaing was twice repulsed, once in America, and once in the West Indies, having set fire to my patriotic zeal once more, it discovered itself by the same symptoms, and produced effects much like those it had produced before. But, unhappily, the ardour I felt

upon the occasion, disdaining to be confined within the bounds of fact, pushed me upon uniting the prophetic with the poetical character, and defeated its own purpose.—I am glad it did. The less there is of that sort in my book the better; it will be more consonant to your character, who patronise the volume, and, indeed, to the constant tenor of my own thoughts upon public matters, that I should exhort my countrymen to repentance, than that I should flatter their pride—that vice for which, perhaps, they are even now so severely punished. — — —

“ My reading is pretty much circumscribed, both by want of books and the influence of particular reasons. Politics are my abhorrence, being almost always hypothetical, fluctuating, and impracticable. Philosophy—I should have said natural philosophy, mathematically studied, does not suit me; and such exhibitions of that subject, as are calculated for less learned readers, I have read in former days, and remember in the present. Poetry, English poetry, I never touch, being pretty much addicted to the writing of it, and knowing that much intercourse with those gentlemen betrays us unavoidably into a habit of imitation, which I hate and despise most cordially. — — —

“ To the Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

“ Nov. 30, 1783.

“ My Dear Friend,—I have neither long visits to pay, nor to receive, nor ladies to spend hours in telling me that which might be told in five minutes, yet often find myself obliged to be an economist of time, and to make the most of a short opportunity. Let our station be as retired as it may, there is no want of playthings and avocations, nor much need to seek them, in this world of ours. Business, or what presents itself to us, under that imposing character, will find us out, even in the stillest retreat, and plead its importance, however trivial in reality, as a just demand upon our attention.

“ It is wonderful how by means of such real or seeming necessities, my time is stolen away. I have just time to observe that time is short, and by the time I have made the observation, time is gone. I have wondered in former days at the patience of the Antediluvian world; that they could endure a life almost millenary, with so little variety as seems to have fallen to their share. It is probable that they had much fewer employments than we. Their affairs lay in a narrower compass; their libraries were indifferently furnished; philosophical researches were carried on with much less industry and acuteness of penetration, and fiddles, perhaps, were not even invented. How then could seven or eight hundred years of life be supportable? I have asked this question formerly, and been at a loss to resolve it; but I think I can answer it now. I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun; I worship; I prepare my breakfast; I swallow a bucket of goats-milk, and a dozen good sizeable cakes. I fasten a new string to my bow, and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows till he has stript off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chase, and it is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up my roots; I wash them; I boil them; I find them not done enough, I boil them again; my wife is angry; we dispute; we settle the point; but in the mean time the fire

goes out, and must be kindled again. All this is very amusing. I hunt; I bring home the prey; with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one. By this time the day is far spent; I feel myself fatigued, and retire to rest. Thus what with tilling the ground, and eating the fruit of it, hunting and walking, and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primæval world so much occupied, as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find at the end of many centuries, that they had all slipt through his fingers, and were passed away like a shadow. What wonder then that I, who live in a day of so much greater refinement, when there is so much more to be wanted, and wished, and to be enjoyed, should feel myself now and then pinched in point of opportunity, and at some loss for leisure to fill four sides of a sheet like this? Thus, however, it is, and if the ancient gentlemen to whom I have referred, and their complaints of the disproportion of time to the occasions they had for it, will not serve me as an excuse, I must even plead guilty, and confess that I am often in haste, when I have no good reason for being so.”

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, Feb. 21, 1824.

A VERY spirited and interesting volume, composed during a residence of several years at Rome, has just appeared. It is entitled *Tablettes Romaines*, and contains observations on the manners, ceremonies, government, and objects of curiosity at Rome. The author is both a wit and a philosopher; he has gleaned many striking anecdotes, and received many sage lessons in the capital of the *Christian World*. “ *Pius VII.* in later times (he says,) never spoke of Napoleon but with respectful admiration. When he returned from the Isle of Elba, he addressed to the Prince of Canino the most hearty felicitations on *le revenant miraculeux*, and assured Lucien that the anointed might always reckon on him who had anointed him.

“ Canova was very familiar with Napoleon, and was often alone with him and Josephine. The warrior joked the artist. ‘ You make conquests on marble, (said he;) they are harder than mine.’ ‘ And perhaps more durable,’ observed Canova; and then he entreated him to rest amidst his trophies, to consolidate his power, and no longer to risk a destiny so often assured by victory. The Emperor laughed at the sculptor’s fears. ‘ I fight new battles (said he) as you make new statues.’ ‘ It is very different, (said the sculptor;) an artist ought never to stop in the pursuit of the fine arts; there we may always march on from conquest to conquest. Mediocrity alone conceives that the goal is attained; but a thousand dangers await the warrior on the road of ambition: think of Caesar, and a multitude besides.’ ‘ You anticipate for me, then, the *ides* of March! ‘ Ah! I apprehend less for your death than defeat.’ ‘ I fear neither the one nor the other; both will find me as immovable as your statues.’ — — —

“ After Napoleon had married Marie Louise, he appeared dissatisfied that Canova did not compliment him. ‘ *Puis-je vous féliciter, dit Canova, d’avoir fait divorce avec la fortune?* ’ ”

The *Tablettes* present many curious anecdotes of the brigands who infest the states of the church, on the ceremonies that distinguish them, and on the *belles dames* who adorn them.

A new Romance, the *Mulatre*, is shortly to appear. This work, remarkable, *dit-on*, for the keenness of the observations and the grace of the style, is ascribed to a lady.

There is a complete stagnation at our great Theatres;—nothing new. Our folks are too busy with dancing and running on the Election stage, to attend to tricks and farces of any other description at present.

M. Rothschild, the first Jew baron, and banker, it is whispered by Scandal, sent the other day to a pretty young actress at one of our houses, four boxes of *bon-bons*, with a billet of 1000 francs in each. The young favourite kept the *bon-bons*, but sent back the billets to the holy banker, with these words: “ *Je suis gourmande, mais rien que cela.* ” The Baron was much surprised, and said to one of his friends, “ *Ah! la petite fait la cruelle... nous verrons... je doublerai la somme... moi, je ne connais pas d’obstacle, je suis invincible. Tout cede à mon esprit, à mon amabilité. J’ai beaucoup d’argent!* ”

Lady Morgan’s Life of *Salvator Rosa* has been translated and published here.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE first public Concert by the pupils of this Institution was given at the Hanover-square Rooms on Wednesday, and attended by a very numerous and distinguished auditory.

The Royal Academy of Music has only been open since the 18th of March last, and, including vacations, the earliest students cannot have enjoyed more than nine months’ tuition. Their progress does credit to their teachers; and in most of the instances where the nature of the performances allowed us to form a judgment upon individual merit, there was a striking manifestation of talent industriously cultivated. The Concert was divided into two parts, and consisted of vocal and instrumental music of various kinds. The first part commenced with a *Symphony* of Haydn’s, and was followed by a *Psalm* by the female pupils, and a *Pianoforte Duet*, well played by the boys, Phipps and Packer. An *Italian Song* by Miss Porter, and a *Harp Fantasia* by Miss Morgan preceded an extraordinary *Solo* on the *Violin* by a little boy of ten years of age, of the name of H. G. Blagrove. The feeling, taste, and execution which he displayed, and his mastery of the instrument, entitle him to the character of a Musical Phenomenon. The King’s *Accession Ode*, by Dr. Crotch, closed this part.

In the second, an instrumental *Trio* was succeeded by a new *Solo* on the *Oboe*, extremely well played by another boy, H. A. M. Cooke; and some very pleasing singing by Miss Watson delighted the audience, and gave great promise of future excellence. A Miss Bellchambers also distinguished herself as principal vocalist.

A new *Duet* of Hummel’s, *Nocturne Pianoforte*, was clearly and cleverly performed by Misses Chancellor and Goodwin; and a *Violoncello Polacca* by C. Lucas (a pupil of Lindley’s) showed a youth worthy of such an instructor. “ *God save the King* ” concluded the Concert, with which we were altogether exceedingly gratified.

Considering the brief space of time during which the Academy has existed, the exhibition of this day certainly says much in favour of such an institution. It is in vain that we squander our money upon musical foreigners, and affect to have nice ears for their excellencies, if we neglect the cultivation of the science of

Music among ourselves; and in no way can it be so truly, so nobly, and so nationally cultivated as by encouraging such a design as this Royal Academy. From it we may look for native professors, with native habits and English morals, to instruct the rising generation; and there is no one who knows anything of the character of the present Teaching world in London, who must not devoutly long for that consummation. We press this point, because, though liberally endowed, we observe it stated that the funds of the Academy are low in proportion to its necessary expenditure; and when it is remembered that in this country private munificence and not government bounties (as on the Continent) sustain every grand and benevolent establishment, we trust the intimation will be met by a great accession of support.

An Address, prefixed to the programme of the Concert, puts this subject in a clear light; but the strongest appeal was made by the Concert itself, and the many intelligent youthful faces and remarkable youthful abilities, beaming with happiness and in a state of improvement, which it displayed.

LEARNED SOCIETIES, ETC.

CHINESE LITERATURE.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 23, 1824.

EVER since the year 1728, when the treaty of peace and commerce was concluded between Russia and China, our government has maintained at Pekin an Archimandrite and four Ecclesiastics, to whom as many young men were added, to learn the Chinese language, and to serve, in the sequel, as interpreters, as well on the frontiers as in the department of Foreign Affairs at St. Petersburg. Hitherto no persons have yet returned to Russia from this establishment who have done any important service to Literature. But the Archimandrite Hyacinthus, who has lately returned from China, differs from all his predecessors. Astonishment is excited by the zeal with which he has applied to the Chinese and other languages, and by the important works which he has composed during his residence at Pekin: viz. 1. A General History of China, from the year 2357 before the birth of Christ, to the year 1633 of the Christian era; nine vols. folio—2. A Geographical and Statistical Description of the Chinese Empire, with a large map, in the five principal languages spoken by the people; in two vols. folio—3. The works of Confucius, translated into Russian, with a Commentary—4. A Russian and Chinese Dictionary—5. Four works on the Geography and History of Thibet and of Little Bucharia—6. The History of the Land of the Mongols—7. The Code of Laws given by the Chinese Government to the Mongol tribes—8. An accurate Description of the City of Pekin—9. Description of the Dykes and Works erected to confine the Waters of the Yellow River; followed by an accurate Description of the great Canal of China.

Besides these Chinese works, translated into Russian, the Archimandrite Hyacinthus has written several treatises on the manners, customs, festivals, and domestic employments of the Chinese; on their military art, and on the manufactures and branches of industry in which they excel.

The interest which the Emperor Alexander takes in every thing that can contribute to the glory of the Empire and of his government, and to all that can extend the sphere

of useful knowledge, gives reason to hope that the Russian government will afford the learned Archimandrite the necessary means to print the literary treasures which he has brought with him from China.

PINE ARTS. BRITISH GALLERY.

EVERY visit we pay to this or any other Exhibition of British Art, increases the regret that we cannot in our limited space do justice to the merit of all those whose talents deserve an approving notice. From this limitation it will necessarily be inferred, that however estimable many of these works may be, it is principally upon some peculiar novelty in the style of Art, or the treatment of the subject, that our remarks arise, varying only according to the form and features of the picture. In this view we consider

The Social Pinch. *A. Fraser.* (No. 244.)—Although not in the number of its votaries, we regard the kindly qualities of snuff-taking, when confined to persons of a certain age. We sympathize with the social feeling and its introductory character. Those who have not words to begin a conversation may carry a snuff-box, which is almost a passport to acquaintance. Nor can we walk many paces through our crowded streets without being reminded by signs or tokens of its importance as an article of trade, the pencil or the chisel of the artist and the aid of the poet being largely in demand to exhibit its properties. We well remember, not many years back, a shop in Knightsbridge stuck all over with panegyrics, of which our memory, at a pinch, can furnish a specimen or two:

When times are hard and fortune's gruff,
A friend's at hand—a pinch of snuff.
If you love your life, your mouth tobacco cram in,
Twill sometimes cure disease, and stand a tug with famine.

But not to let it be supposed that the subject has run away with the picture, or that its designation and delineation as a work of Art are not equally happy, we have pleasure in saying, that in point of execution, character, and effect, it may vie with some of the best productions of the Flemish School.

279. (*R. Farrier.*) is called "Tragedy," to which we should have added "Burlesqued." It is of similar nature with Richter's Schoolboys, and in some of its parts not unequal to that imitable performance. The execution of this piece is of the ultra in Art: with the appearance of great smoothness and finish, its general character is hard; and though with a little too much of the clay manufacture, there is the greatest capability in the vehicle employed which can produce such clearness, strength, and contrast.

141. "Come buy," &c. *T. Stewardson.*—Whether this is a real character, or a lady in disguise, we are not prepared to say, for such masqueradings have frequently been, either from the choice of the Artist to give a picturesque form to his subject, or the wish of the female, to show the power of her beauty in the most homely costume. Be this as it may, we shall not dispute the claims of Poor Sally thus exhibited to our warmest admiration, nor pay the less warm a tribute to the skill of the Artist, rich in the harmonious display of his colouring, and happy in the disposition of his subject.

34. The Spartan Boy. *T. Stewardson.*—Is a variety in the Artist's style, but very forc-

bly painted, and well suited to the character portrayed.

147. The Grief of Achilles over the Body of Patroclus. *J. Wood.*—In this, as well as in other productions of this Artist which we have seen, the historic and classic pencil is ably employed, and the composition under our notice, both in form and colouring, maintains the dignity of sorrow without the exaggerated violence too often given to the subject.

343. An Antique Rural Scene. *C. L. Eastlake.*—Classic in its character and composition, it is a pleasing piece of Italian scenery, into which Mr. Eastlake has transferred his general gaiety of colouring and picturesque forms; but the shape of a tree on the left is like a note out of harmony, and we wish it was out of the picture. His other subjects, of Bandits, Contedina, &c. are similar in their treatment to those of last year. That of No. 310, "The Wife of a Banditti Chief, looking over a precipice watching the result of a Skirmish," has great interest, both from its novelty and the way in which it is calculated to affect the imagination.

Canotah to the Princess Charlotte.

THE destination of this interesting Monument has at length been fixed by the gracious condescension of His Majesty, who has directed that Mr. M. Wyatt's fine group shall be erected in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, near the mortal remains of the lamented Princess. Some correspondence has appeared in the newspapers upon the subject; and it must be very gratifying to every good mind, to see an individual of great genius at length relieved from much undeserved obloquy, and allowed to place the result of his toils and the fruit of his talents fairly before that Public which called them forth. The subscription, made in sums not exceeding one guinea from any one person, was one of the most popular tributes of affectionate sorrow ever paid to the memory of departed greatness: we have always thought the design a fine one, and it affords us satisfaction to find that it is on the eve of being appropriately placed where it will recall the form and melancholy fate of the apparent Queen of England, cut off in the bloom of youth; and, in our opinion, do honour to British Art.

No. 1.—A Picturesque Tour made in the Years 1817 and 1820 through the Pyrenean Mountains, Auvergne, the Departments of the High and Low Alps, and in part of Spain. 4to.

Published by Ackermann.

EIGHT Numbers, with six Engravings in each, constitute the plan of this work, the drawings for which seem to have been sketched with a free and masterly hand. They are aquatinted, and produce adequate impressions (in this example) of the appearances of Rouen, Caen, Le Mans, Tours, Poitiers, and Bordeaux. Short and well-written descriptions accompany the Plates; and though the execution may be improved, the work is not unworthy of the lovers of the picturesque, and remarkable in foreign landscape.

Field Marshal H. R. H. The D. of York, &c. &c. This is a print of the Commander-in-Chief, published by Mr. Sams as a companion to that of His Majesty. It does not strike us as being either so good a likeness or so respectable a work of art; but this is, perhaps, principally owing to our dislike of the ex-

pression in the countenance, which conveys no idea of the intents of the original. We know not whether the mind is vacant or in deep thought; whether the eye is looking at an object or absorbed in reflection. The arms and shoulders also appear to be out of drawing. The publisher should mind these matters—put spirit and the usual look of H.R.H. into the face; and the picture will be fitter to pair with its royal predecessor.

Sir Astley Cooper, Bart. Surgeon to the King, &c.
Portrait, drawn by J. W. Rubidge; engraved by J. Alais. Published by Cox, Southwark; Hurst & Robinson, London,

An able engraving of an able man is always welcome to the public; and the present will, we imagine, be more than welcome to the medical profession, of which its subject is so distinguished an ornament. Unacquainted with the original, we cannot speak of the likeness; but the head is well engraved, the countenance full of intellect, and the other parts executed in a vigorous sketchy style which does credit to the Artists.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

METRICAL TALES.

I.—THE THREE WELLS.—*A Fairy Tale.*
"J'ai grand regret à la fairée."—Marmontel.

There's an island which the sea
Keeps in lone tranquillity;
Filled with flowers which the sun
Never yet hath looked upon,
Flowers lighted with the light
Left by fairy feet at night;
Worshippers of the sweet moon,
Veiled from the eye of noon,
For, by daylight, bud nor bloom
Smiles amid the island gloom.
All is desolate and drear,
As no spring were in the year :
But beneath night's shadowy wing
Violets and roses spring ;
Perfume floats upon the air,
Myrtle boughs are waving there ;
Stars shine in their beauty forth,
Meteors glister from the north,
Rode by radiant shapes that seem
Creatures made of bloom and beam,
With their hair and plumes' gay dyes
Glorious as the morning skies.
Seldom hath a mortal eye
Looked upon their revelry ;
Yet sometimes, for what is there
Love in young hearts will not dare,
Lover's step has dared to press
That ground's haunted loveliness.
When the moon in her blue hall
Lights her zenith coronal,
On each mystic leaf and flower
Lies a spell of true love power :
Often have they borne away
Rosy leaf and scented spray ;
Next the heart the charm have worn,
Long as true love faith was borne.
But as old tradition tells,
There are other, deeper, spells
In the lone and mystic wells—
Spells of strange wild augury
Few have had the heart to try.—

She came, or ever the dawning bright
Banished in blushes the grey twilight ;
Like a spirit she seemed to float,
As the morning star guided her lonely boat ;
With her golden hair, like a sunny sail
Spread by hope for a favouring gale ;
With a cheek like the rose, when first the spring
Wakes its life of scented languishing ;
And eyes, to whose dazzling beauty were given
The blue and the light of a summer heaven—
She sat alone in the boat, as it went
Calm thro' the sleep-hushed element.

Now joy thee, ASTARTE, thy voyage is done,
The day is unbroken, the island is won.—
She passed thro' a drear and desolate track,
Seen dim in the shadow of glimmering rock ;
A silence and stillness weighed in the air,
And the trees in their age stood gaunt and bare ;
There was not a flower or a leaf on the ground
Till she came where some cypresses gathered
around ;

She entered the funeral shade of the dell,
And looked on the depth of each haunted well.
Thickly around did the tall grass wave, [grave—
Like the green dank growth that springs on the
There it was that the charm must be done.
To hide the wells from the beam of the sun,
She took the webs of silvery white.
Herself had wove in the lone moonlight,
And threw them o'er, so that not one ray
Could lighten their depths with a glimpse of day ;
And with silent lip, tho' with beating heart,
She watched the hours of sunlight depart.
The moon rose up, and with it a sound
Of low sweet music breathed around ;
There came a gushing of perfume, [bloom.
For the earth was now covered with bud and
The maiden unveiled each mystic well,
And as the light of the moonbeam fell,
Sparkled and shone each darkling stream,
Like molten silver or diamond gleam.
Then down the maiden knelt and prayed
At the first well, for its lady's aid,
And there up rose a sparkling chain
As chanted a soft voice the magic strain :—

First Fairy's Song.

Here are burning brighter gems
Than on kingly diadems ;
Rubies, like the crimson light
Seen upon a winter night ;
Pearls, the whitest that can be
Hidden in the deep blue sea ;
Emeralds, let summer show
Greener light ; like winter snow
Virgin silver, pure and white ;
Gold, red as the morning light.
For the service thou hast done,
Shading me from the hot sun,
Stores from every Indian mine
And Afric river shall be thine.
Oh, this is not what my boon shall be,
Gold and gems have no charms for me.

Then turned the maid to the second well,
And waited the fate of her next tried spell ;
And up from the water, on air, there played,
Of a thousand colours, a mingled braid.

Second Fairy's Song.

I have caught the tints that deck
The proud peacock's tail and neck ;
I have caught the many rays
Of the opal's changeful blaze ;
I have mixed a thousand hues
From the rainbow's arch of dews ;
Here is blent each changeful thing
For the wild heart's wandering :
For thy cool and pleasant shade,
This shall be thy meed, young maid.

Oh ! not for me, oh ! not for me
Is the heartless spell of inconstancy.
There yet is a well ; one trial more,
Sure, that has a better prize in store.
She knelt again, and on the well
A simple wreath was visible.

Third Fairy's Song.

I have been to the low dell,
Where the sweetest violets dwell ;
I have been to the lone vale,
Where there droops the lily pale :
Sweet and pure, they are bound
With a myrtle bough around—
Myrtle, for its leaves are seen
Even in the winter green :
If true love be sought by thee,
Maiden, this thy meed shall be.

My spell is done, my prize is won ;
True love ! thou hast equal none ;

True love ! who could choose for thee
Gold or gems or vanity ?
Where is the spell whose charm will prove,
Like the spell of thy charm, true love ? L. E. L.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CHARACTER-HIGH-STRIKES.

Or all the changes in this changing world, nothing has produced a greater change than the effects of boiling-water ! Who would have formed an idea, when the adventurous Blanchard lunched from the cliff to cross the Straits of Dover in his aerial car, that in the course of a few years we should see our vessels stemming the dashing wave, propelled by the powers of steam, and the whole journey from London to Paris performed on wheels ! But it verifies the old remark—"There will always be hot work between England and France." A man may now breakfast at Dover, dine at Calais, and return back to supper. For my part, nothing but the quickness of the passage can reconcile me to the loss of the old Dover bye-boats—The hearty hard-featned veteran of a Captain, with his tough yarns ; the round-shouldered, easy, accommodating mate ; the laborious and watchful crew ; and above all, the mingled character of the steward, half sailor half landsman, with his bottle of porter in one hand, bowing at a rope with the other, and the mop tucked under his arm. Then, to notice his patient endurance amid the calls of "Steward, steward!" on one side, and violent abuse on the other. But these things have now passed away, and all evaporated into smoke. Formerly, we used to be worried for half-a-crown here, and five shillings there, and all that sort of thing—Now that was just as it should be, for an Englishman dearly loves his money (will grumble at every item in his bill—find fault with every thing out of it) and fight in noisy strife for every inch of ground to keep it in possession. But in the present day it is drawn out of our pockets by commission, without the honour of contest, and we find our cash making unto itself wings, without being allowed the privilege of giving them a clip to arrest its flight. Formerly, when a man quitted home to travel, it was with the prospect of change in all its varieties ; and the incidental difficulties on the road, as they enhanced the pleasures of the journey, were also anticipated long before setting out. Modern improvement has now smoothed down all obstructions, and we may travel from Dan to Beersheba without encountering a single peril. However, nothing, in my opinion, can compensate for the bustle, the confusion, the hurrys of captains and mates, with their anxious faces—the being almost smothered with cards on alighting at the Ship Inn or York Hotel,—and then we had our choice of performing the voyage in what vessel and with whom we pleased—But now we are treated no better than *Dilly* passengers (who carry their franks in their faces) and must either go by their boiling kettles, and be steamed like an image on the lid of a china tea-pot, or remain at home. It was at the first of the Peace, when the whole herd of John Bull's family were driving to the Continent, I rolled up my guineas, (sovereigns were not in fashion, though kings were all the go) in my leather purse, having carefully counted them first and appropriated each to its separate destination. The chaise was at the door with four good beasts ; not that my haste required leaders, but then a pair of additional horses would give me an air of im-

portance on the road, and obtain more respect than if a coronet had graced the panel with only two. Then, that requisite appendage, baggage—I have known many a traveller who has been chiefly valued for the number of his trunks, though probably none of them were more than half filled. However, all was settled to my mind, the postillions in their scarlet jackets mounted, and, to use the language of the novel-writers, I threw myself into the seat and we drove off. Oh, the glorious effects of peace, how it harmonizes the mind!—I declare, by the time I reached Canterbury, the congees and obsequiousness of the landlords, (this name is now degenerated into Proprietors, another evidence of the ill effects of steam on old English customs), the respectful bows and attention of a host of waiters, pretty barmaids, and hatless hostlers, rendered me in perfect good humour with myself and every body else, and I began to fancy my per annum was some hundreds more than it actually was. But my guineas,—Ah, my poor guineas, one after the other, changed colour and became as pale as silver, while the rest shivered and rattled as if they had been troubled with a galloping consumption. But the dinner and the wine at the Fountain!—Well, if a man is to see the world, he must pay for the liberty, though he get cooped up in the King's Bench for the remainder of his days. The road between Canterbury and Ewell was rather of a sombre cast, inviting the mind to solitude; but who could reflect, that was going to France! Then, the dashing equipages returning, and bowing to the *insides* as they passed; it might be the Marquis or his gentleman; what did it signify, so that the balls on the coronet were right? From Ewell the scenery was beautifully picturesque:—the road formed midway down the side of a lofty hill; the meandering stream watering the pastures and winding through the vale below (now ornamented with Kersney Abbey, the seat of the late John F.—, Esq., and finely contrasted with the humble steeple of the village church);—the gradual descent of the valley in front, beyond which the British Channel appeared rolling its waves in pride and grandeur;—while in the distance, like darkling specks upon the tide, just rising from the horizon, the high blue land of France was dimly seen;—on the right hand, almost perpendicularly above the town, the smooth green sloping of the battery; and on the left the turrets of that hoary castle, famed in history—I dearly love to pass an hour within its walls, losing myself in dreams of former days, and listening to the descriptions of Julius Caesar's sword and all the panoply of the olden times. What care I whether they are genuine or not, I would not be undeceived for double their worth. But to proceed,—we entered the town and rattled down Snargate-street; while the phalanx of Tonters followed like hounds when the game is in view.* Out rushed a troop of waiters from the Ship, while W—, with his powdered head, or the old lady in her coif cap, all kindly stood to take in the stranger as he sojourned on his way. Scarcely was my foot upon the pavement, when a motley group surrounded me, thrusting their cards into my hand. “The fast-sailing Poll, sir,” says one rough tar;

* Tonters are a kind of *mosquito* fleet of *small craft*; i.e. men employed to worry passengers, either to embark in the vessels in whose interest they are employed, or to transport travellers to the various inns. Their occupation is extremely *imposing*.

“capital accommodations, would you like to board her, sir?” “The Countess of Elgin, sir, belonging to the house of L—, commanded by Captain H—, is the first upon turn, sir,” cried a worthy old gentleman, who I recollect to have seen in the same spot in the same occupation, as Master of the Minerva, twenty years before; and several other well remembered faces presented themselves to my view. It brought a crowd of recollections across my mind, and recalled those scenes which shone so cloudlessly and passed away so soon. It was one of those hasty snatches of thought that embodies years in the space of minutes; but the noise soon dispelled the vision, and it vanished amid the cries of “Fast sailing Poll,—Countess,—good accommodations,—King George Mail,—Queen Charlotte,—go for the tide,”—and a hundred other sounds, all equally harmonious. I followed the general plan of great travellers, to keep all in suspense and promise none; so that every time I showed my head out at the inn door I was again surrounded, and made another collection of cards. How delightful to walk upon the cool margin of the purple wave, and contemplate the weather-beaten face of the hardy Hoveller,—to watch his stolen and suspicious glances while pretending to look through his glass at the distant sail; and when the roaring billows are dashing their white foam upon the beach, to see him lanch through the raging surge to aid the vessel in distress. A more stigmatized, yet useful, body of men never existed. What, though they may dabble a little now and then in a few contraband articles, (as which of us has not?)—but there—there—that's a forbidden subject—and the least said about it the better. Who ever has mounted to the height of that famed cliff where Shakspeare wooed the tragic Muse, without feeling some portion of Parnassian elevation? To listen to the whispering of the little *azure* wave as it chafes the yellow strand below—to taste the only unadulterated thing we can now enjoy, the pure clear air of heaven—to look with shuddering instinct over the steep precipice, and then turn to the green slope descending to the valley—But let us get to the Pier heads, and that rendezvous for *pilots* and for news—the Cross Wall. Of all characters, these are the most readily known; and it is remarkable, that though but a few miles separate the towns, the Deal and Dover pilots are peculiarly distinguished from each other. The former, with their long-tail, broad flapped coats, apparently cut from the same piece of cloth and cast by the same manufacturer; then they have an indolent slouch in their gait, as if they had nothing to do and fit to help them, wrangling together all day long, but in the evening assembling at the Star, or elsewhere, over their glass of grog, as amicable as ever. The Dover pilots are more improved in their manners and appearance (probably the effects of steam); the fashionable cut is superseding the old style of dress, and the honest bluntness of the “ancient pilot,” is refined into modern politeness and genteel deportment. But, take them for all in all, when we consider the extent of property and number of lives committed to their charge, and the comparatively few cases of loss, we must acknowledge them to be a valuable and respectable class of the community. Their wives—but we must not meddle with them—besides the flag is up, and I shall barely have time to clear my baggage

and get on board—“When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.” Scarcely had my trunks undergone examination, than they were handled by the men belonging to the various packets, and we bid fair to go to Calais in different vessels, till I determined to take my passage with my worthy old friend in the Countess; but as from *ladder* to *ladder** may make the subject of another communication, I shall shove off from the Pier and close the present, with a hope that it will find a corner in your *Gazette*, in which case you shall again hear from Yours, &c. &c.

HUMPHREY FELT,
Currier and Tanner.

* The ladders by which the Packets are boarded at Dover and Calais.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

The Barbier di Siviglia has not continued his attractions to any great extent. Catalani's appearance to-night has pre-occupied every disposable place, and the Opera will be crowded from floor to ceiling. The *Nuovo Fanficio* is merely different from the original (such a favourite in the days of Naldi) by the introduction of some other music by the incomparable syren.

DRURY LANE.

Degenerate as the taste of the public may be called with respect to Theatrical entertainments, and much as this degeneracy has been fostered and promoted by the Managers themselves, who have supplied their audiences with every species of amusement but that which it should have been their pride and duty to encourage; yet we did entertain a hope (a fruitless one, it should appear) that at all events the great Father of our Drama would have met with some respect; that he whose works have survived a period of more than two centuries, and in each succeeding age have acquired an additional share of admiration; that at least Shakspeare might have escaped the general wreck of taste, and have been handed down to our posterity as we ourselves received him, unaltered, unpolluted, undefiled. That we have been disappointed in the wishes we had formed; and that, not satisfied with one of the finest comedies that was ever written in this or any other language, some profane scribbler has thought proper to turn the *Merry Wives of Windsor* into a modern opera;—it now becomes our painful duty to record. Much as has been said upon this subject, and every lover of our immortal Bard must be delighted to find that the idea has been, generally speaking, so strongly reprobated, yet we feel it our duty to enter our serious protest against this wretched invention, which cannot be defended by the slightest plea, of expediency, of advantage, or necessity. The outrage that was committed by the alteration of the *Comedy of Errors*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, was advocated upon the ground, that the plays themselves wanted incident and character; and that as “They who live to please must please to live,” so the Town would have no objection to the introduction of a little music, to render them more striking and attractive. But in the present instance no such defence can be set up, and the only resource we have left, is to mourn over this insult offered to the “illustrious dead,” and pity the man who shall be rash enough to confess himself the author of it. On Friday evening, then, Shakspeare's

Merry Wives of Windsor, with the *intersession*, as the play bills have it, of a certain number of songs and duets, was performed for the first time. And now, gentle Reader, what think you these songs and duets are, which we are told are entirely selected from the "plays, poems, and sonnets" of the author? You will hardly believe it, but they are literally nothing more than a long string of "shreds and patches,"—a line from one play, two from another play, then two from one of the sonnets, and, lastly, to make up the number, another odd line from *Venus and Adonis*! This, with the exception of the Cuckoo Song, and a *prose speech* out of *Love's Labour lost*, is the character of them all. No harlequin's jacket ever exhibited so motley a composition, and they are without so badly stitched together, that many of them are utterly unintelligible, and whether "said or sung," convey not the slightest meaning of any sort or kind. So much for the piece as it is now represented. Of the acting upon this occasion, we must first notice the Falstaff of Downton, which, though not quite so rich and racy as we could have wished, was nevertheless a very creditable performance, and we have little doubt will add considerably to his reputation as an actor. In some of the scenes, indeed, he appeared rather too quick and snappish for the good-natured fat Knight; but in others, particularly his interviews with Mrs. Quickly, and his last meeting with Ford, he did ample justice to the character. Wallack's Master Ford is likewise deserving of much commendation. He appeared to have taken considerable pains with it, and played it in a style less approaching to the melo-dramatic, than he is usually accustomed to; the consequence of which was, that it was so much the more natural and correct. Harley's Slender was also a very clever performance. It is, indeed, but a trifling part; but it requires a good actor to fill it, and it was very happily hit off. Of Mr. Oxberry's Shallow, we know not what to say. Has this gentleman ever read over his part with any attention? or has he ever listened at the rehearsal, to what the other characters say of this Justice? If not, we will take the liberty of suggesting to him, that Shallow was in every respect a *perfect gentleman*: that he had been a "gay deceiver" in his youth, knew where the "Bona Robas lived," and had heard the "chimes at midnight;" that with the vanity natural to an old man, he was a little of the "laudator temporis acti," and could not help sometimes reminding his friends, that at "Clement's Inn" they frequently talked of "Mad Shallow yet." Now of all this Mr. O. seemed to be utterly ignorant, and his Country Justice was consequently hardly genteel enough for a London constable. Mr. Browne, whom we were sorry to see put into Sir Hugh, was very flat and uninteresting. The part is quite out of his line, and, notwithstanding his efforts, he could make nothing of it. Fenton, the "youthful Fenton," who "capers and dances," and "smells April and May," was assigned to Braham. We have heard that there was much difficulty in inducing him to take this part. This shows his good sense. He at all events must have continually felt the awkwardness and absurdity of his situation, for many of his entrances served for no other purpose than to interrupt the business of the play. Nay, in one of Stanfield's finest sunshining scenes, he was compelled to amuse

us by detailing most piteously the horrors of the "wintry wind." Miss Stephens and Miss Cubitt were both of them as much out of their proper places as this gentleman. The merriment, the archness, the vivacity of the two Windsor wives, in their hands was completely lost; and even the Cuckoo Song, arranged as a duet, and with all the additional folly that Dowton threw into it, by embracing the ladies alternately at the conclusion of each verse, scarcely got a hand. Upon the whole, indeed, we have rarely seen a piece containing any dramatic merit produce so little effect; and we trust that those persons who feel an interest in this Theatre, will suggest the propriety of its being speedily withdrawn. In its present state, it is an insult to Shakspeare, an insult to common sense, and an annoyance to every man who knows how to estimate a sterling comedy. Let it therefore be once more restored to its pristine form and shape, and divested of the useless and absurd additions by which it is now encumbered and defaced.

A miserable attempt at humour, called a Burlesque Entertainment, and bearing the title of *Rumfustian Innamorato*, was performed for the first time on Tuesday. Where this choice production was picked up, or by whom it was written, we have not been able to learn. We should imagine that it must have been intended for one of the minor theatres, probably the East or the West London; but being found upon perusal too coarse and vulgar for their refined audiences, was finally offered to, and accepted at, Drury Lane. These pieces, even the best of them, are very unfit for the regular Stage, and should be represented as rarely as possible; but when, as in the present case, they have nothing to recommend them but a certain number of bad parodies, intermingled with pot-house phrases and familiar oaths, they should be driven with indignation from the Stage. The performers, particularly Knight and Harley (for Oxberry, as usual, was hoarse, and had no voice in the business,) did all they could to procure for it a favourable reception; but as the best jokes that were put into their mouths were nothing better than "You be d—d," "Who the h—ll are you?" "D—n me if you don't," and such like elegancies of expression, it will be easily conceived that their efforts were unavailing. The gods, however, were determined that it should have another hearing, and as the pit and boxes could not equal them either in number or in noise, they consequently divided the house upon the question.—*Lodoiska* preceded it, and the *Cataract* followed—a choice evening's entertainment for an enlightened public!!!

POLITICS.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer has made his financial statement for the year; of which it is sufficient for us to say, that it exhibits an increased and increasing revenue and a diminution of taxation. The four-per-cents are to be paid off.—The Dey of Algiers, it seems, having a short memory, has begun his old trade of piracy. Our Consul has therefore been withdrawn; and one of our sloops has given him a refresher, by destroying a Moorish ship of war within sight of the Haram.

VARIETIES.

Musical Prodigy.—A boy named George Aspull, only eight years of age, has displayed

so remarkable a talent for music, that he has been introduced to His Majesty, and had the honour of displaying his precocious powers before a splendid Court. This child, it is predicated, may become an English Mozart. He already plays any piece at sight, has an extraordinary musical memory, and composes extemporaneously with taste.

Questions and Answers.—At this game lately it was asked, why the marriage of the Duke of Cumberland was the most religious of any of the Royal family? The answer,—because he showed that he was fond of (p) *Salms*; and she, that she loved *Him*.

Ship-preserving.—Sir H. Davy and Sir Robert Seppings have been at Portsmouth applying a chemicoo mechanical process, by way of experiment, for the preservation of shipping. This consists of the introduction of iron or zinc in union with the coppering on the bottoms of vessels, by which means their sheathing is rendered electro-negative, and resists the corrosive action of the salt water. The Samarang of 28 guns, the Manly gun-brig, and several boats, have been coppered on the new principle.

Anecdote of Nelson.—At Yarmouth, the Wrestlers' Inn is more celebrated for the *jeu d'esprit* of the immortal Nelson than any thing else; who, when the landlord requested permission to call it Nelson's Hotel, and place his Lordship's arms over the door, gave him full permission to do the former, suggesting at the same time the omission of the latter ceremony, on the ground that he had no arms to spare.—(*Sayings and Doings*.)

The capital of England is the only place in the world where thieves voluntarily assume a notorious costume to distinguish themselves from their fellow citizens.—The cut of the coat, tie of the neckcloth, and sleek curl of the hair above the ears, are all as distinct and peculiar as livery, parochial garb or badge. Honest men should be prohibited from imitating what is equivalent to branding or ironing in other countries.

The Diorama.—The last picture exhibited at the Diorama in Paris is painted by M. Daguerre, and represents the ruins of the Chapel at Holyrood-house. It was before its restoration in the year 1816 that M. Daguerre visited Holyrood; and he has represented the chapel therefore in its state of dilapidation. Illuminated by the vague and uncertain light of the moon, the disk of which is occasionally covered with fleecy clouds which diminish its splendour, the first impression made by this picture is irresistibly melancholy. The recollections which the sight of the ruins awakens, are of a nature well calculated to plunge the mind into a kind of reverie, which however is far from unpleasing. Independently of the means employed to vary the appearance of the clouds and the brilliance of the light of the moon, the artist has introduced several episodical circumstances to augment, if possible, the general impression of his picture. In the midst of the ruins he has represented a female, dressed in a white robe, with a black girdle, praying near a tomb on which she has placed her lamp. 'What is the feeling which has drawn her at midnight, to the heart of such a solitude?' While every spectator is putting this question to himself, and answering it according to his individual disposition, a flute which appears to sound from the same place, breathes forth an old Scotch air, and completes the illusion.

EPIGRAM.

Tom sported a gay silk cravat,
In fashion's follies hot:
Said Jack, " Your tie is spital, Tom?"
" No," answered Tom, " it's not!"

TEUTHA.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

There is preparing for publication, the Extracts from a Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in the years 1820, 1821, and 1822; containing some Account of the recent Revolutions, together with Observations on the State of Society in those Countries, by Captain Basil Hall, R.N.

A New Edition of Swift's Works, with additional Letters, Tracts, and Poems, not hitherto published, is also announced by Sir Walter Scott.

Mr. Cochrane, whose extraordinary pedestrian exploits in Asia and in the Northern regions of the Russian Empire have excited so much wonder, is printing his Travels. He penetrated in one direction to the utmost boundaries of Russia towards America, where he was stopped by authority; and we understand that his adventures bear altogether a character of novelty and peculiar interest.

Ellen Ramsey, a Tale of Fashionable Life, is announced for next week by a young lady, and is well spoken of as an example of Novel which has lately been getting out of fashion.

The 1st vol. of Mr. Godwin's History of the Commonwealth of England, which has just (we believe this day) appeared, contains the Civil War from 1640 to 1645. It sets out with a notice of Coke, Selden, Hampden, and Pym, as " founders of the Commonwealth;" and ends with the King's wintering at Oxford, after the defeat of Naseby.

Mr. Bernard Barton has in the press a new work, entitled Poetic Vigils.

Idwal, a Poem in three Cantos, with Notes, will shortly be published.

The Jews of the British West India Colonies, synthetically arranged, by George Robinson, Esq. will appear in a few days.

The Life of Joanna of Sicily, Queen of Naples, is nearly ready for publication.

A History of Waterford, from the earliest period to the present time, is preparing for the press by the Rev. Richard Ryland, and may be expected in the course of the Spring.

More Novels.—Early in March are to appear Rosalita, or the Demon Dwarf; a Romance by the Author of Rhodomel; and the Syren of Venice, a Romance by the Author of Parga.

If the British Drama is low in character, it is becoming low in price. A new edition of the Theatre has commenced publication; and Sherwood & Co. have absolutely sent Pizarro, as No. I. from the press, in double columns 8vo., ornamented with a famous Woodcut, and at the cost of Three-pence.

It is well known that Galland's French translation of the collection of " Thousand and One Nights," from which the versions into other European languages have been made, was so imperfect as to contain only the smaller number of those celebrated Tales. The public will therefore learn with interest, that Mr. Ackermann has in considerable forwardness a Translation of that part of this Collection, which has not yet appeared in an English dress, from a complete copy of the original, which the eminent Oriental scholar, Mr. von Hammer, of Vienna, was fortunate enough to meet with during his diplomatic mission at Constantinople.

Autographs.—A foreign merchant has recently brought a precious collection of about 3000 Autographs to London, which being accompanied by biographical notes, are rendered more generally interesting than they would be were they confined to the mere signatures, &c. which are sufficient to recommend such documents to the curious. They are divided into several distinct classes:—

Ex. gr. 1st. A great number of Charters, from Charles VII. to Louis XVIII. of France. 2d. Celebrated persons in England, such as James II., Cromwell, Marlborough, Locke, Pope, Blackstone, Bolingbroke, Garrick, Gibbon, Robertson, Hume, 3d. Great men of the period of Louis XIV.; Flechier, Bordonou, Turenne, Conde, Richelieu, Colbert, le Brun, Mignard, Boileau, La Fontaine. And 4th. The preceding age, including L'Hopital, Amyot, Montaigne, Malherbe, &c. 5th. Italian; Ariosto, Tasso, Machiavel, Metastasio, Domenichino, &c. 6th. German; Copernicus, Leibnitz, Wieland, Herder, Klopstock, Schiller, Goethe, Kant, Mengs, Mozart, &c. 7th. French Revolutionists, such as Robespierre, Collot d'Herbois, Carrriere, &c. And 8th. Famous Frenchmen of the last age; Buffon, Diderot, d'Alembert, Marmontel, &c. To these Autographic riches of former times, we understand, are added an immense number of Autographs by distinguished contemporaries. The whole series is of great interest, and if it comes to be disposed of, as it probably will, must excite a strong sensation among our amateurs in that way.

The forthcoming Romance of " The Witch Finder," which we announced last week, is, we omitted to say,

from the pen of the Author of " Calthorpe," " The Lollards," and " Other Times."

We handed our Correspondent's letter to the proper quarter, and learn that considerable progress has been made in the printing of the concluding volumes of Kirby and Spence's Entomology, and that it will be published in the course of a few months.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST:

Howell's Characters of Theophrastus, royal 8vo. 21s.; imperial 8vo. 17. 11s. 6d.—Wood's Essay on the Genius of Homer, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Godwin's History of the Commonwealth, Vol. I, containing the Civil War, 8vo. 14s.—Sayings and Doings, 3 vols. 8vo. 17. 10s.—Il Pastore Incantato, and other Poems, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Australia, and other Poems, by J. K. Hervey, 12mo. 6s.—Things in General, being Delineations of Persons, Places, &c. Vol. I. 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Chatfield on the Darker Azes, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Country Belles, or Gossips Outwitted, 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.—Percival's Poems, 8vo. 16s.—Memoirs of a Deist, 8vo. 6s.—Cambridge Classical Examination, 8vo. 4s.—De la Beche's Geological Memoirs, 8vo. 18s.—Guide to Mount Bay and Lands End, 8vo. 10s.—Plain Instructions to Executors and Administrators, 8vo. 9s.—The Modern Traveller (Part I, Palestine,) 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Espinasse on the Law of Actions on Statutes, royal 8vo. 17s.—Hinton's Guide to Prayer, 8vo. 9s.—Totthill's English Translation of the Latin Pharmacopoeia, 8vo. 7s.; 18mo. 4s.—The Edinburgh Review, No. 76, 8vo. 6s.

ASTRONOMY.

Evening Amusements for March.

The Geocentric Latitude and Longitude of a planet is its apparent situation in the heavens, as seen from our Earth. We have given them for two days in the month, that the student may find their places on the Celestial Globe. We have likewise given the latitude and longitude of the Moon for five different days, at 8 o'clock in the evening, for the same purpose, and would recommend their being transferred to the Terrestrial Globe, to find out in what part of the world they continue above the horizon without setting,—where they are in their zenith at any particular hour, where rising, and where setting. Thus we find, on the 1st March, Jupiter is nearly on the Tropic of Cancer, consequently does not set to the inhabitants near the Arctic Circle, and passes perpendicularly over the heads of those in latitude 23° 32' N. Many evenings (when the weather obscures the stars) may be thus usefully and profitably employed. The discovery and powers of the magnetic needle, its great utility to the astronomer, navigator, and surveyor, &c. will fill up others. History may occasionally be introduced with much advantage, and Voyages and Travels afford a never-failing fund of interest and improvement. With respect to the latter, we would suggest that each individual have a map of the world before him, and the younger persons be required to give the latitude and longitude of those places mentioned particularly by the traveller or mariner, with their history, politics, customs, manners, and any other information which the superior knowledge of the parent or teacher may require. These exercises will be found uncommonly interesting, and fix a lasting impression on the mind of the pupil.

Phases of the Moon.

First Quarter	8 ^d	2 ^h	10 ^m
Full Moon	14	17	37
Last Quarter	21	23	11
New Moon	30	3	2

Long. Lat. Visible Conjunction.

Days.	s.	d.	m.	d.	h.
1	11	21	9 ⁴	34 N.	9 12 3 II
7	2	7	45 3	41 N.	12 8 3 II
13	5	3	44 3	43 S.	12 12 3 II
19	7	28	57 3	40 S.	15 15 3 II
25	10	11	42 3	15 N.	25 10 11 3 II

March 1, Mercury rises	SE	B	E	17 ^h	43 ^m
culminates	21	33
25, ♀ rises	E	B	17	32
culminates	23	4

Long. Lat.

Days.	s.	d.	m.	d.	h.
1	10	13	55	0	34 S.
25	11	18	8	2	16 S.

March 1, Venus rises	SE	B	E	17 ^h	11 ^m
culminates	21	33
25, ♀ rises	E	S	E	16	56
culminates	22	1

Long. Lat.

Days.	s.	d.	m.	d.	h.
1	10	3	14	0	18 N.
25	11	2	14	0	56 S.

Venus, on the 25th, will have 10 dig. E illuminated.

March 1, Mars rises	E	4	S.	8 ^h	0 ^m
culminates	13	56
25, ♀ rises	E	4	N.	5	50
culminates	12	0

Days.	s.	d.	m.	d.	h.
1	6	11	53	3	25 N.
25	6	4	20	3	15 N.

Mars, throughout the month, is in the constellation Virgo, and 16^d 18^h ♂ 3 γ Vir. ♂ will be an interesting object to the pupil as an evening star, and direct him to the constellation in which it appears. 8 0 24^d 16^h.

March 1, Jupiter culminates	7 ^h	14 ^m
sets NW	W	15
25, ♀ culminates	5	51

Days.	s.	d.	m.	d.	h.
1	3	1	6	0	4 N.
25	3	2	19	0	7 N.

Days.	s.	d.	m.	d.	h.
1	3	1	6	0	4 N.
25	3	2	19	0	7 N.

Jupiter, throughout the month, is between and to the northward of η II, varying little more than 1° in his apparent position. ♀'s appearances will be exceedingly interesting while passing the meridians; and as this takes place during the evenings of the month, the student will have an excellent opportunity of observing his Satellites and watching their motion. When the Satellite is to the right hand approaching ♀, it is then in the superior part of its orbit; when on the left hand approaching ♀, it is in the inferior part of its orbit. The eclipses visible before mid-night,

1st Emer.	2d Emer.	3d Sat.
D. H. M.	D. H. M.	D. H. M.
8 8 0	3 11 10	2 9 17 1/2 im.
15 9 55 1/2	28 8 18 1/2	2 12 30 em.

31	8 15 1/2
○ at 8h 30m	Invisible on 1/2 face at 8h 30m

D.	D.
6...	1○ 3	7...1st Sat.
9...	1○ 3	13...3d Sat.
24...	1○ 3 ○	26...2d Sat. 30...1st Sat.

March 1, Saturn culminates 4^h 16^m
sets NW

sets NW	b	W	1/2	W.
25,	b	1	2	57	5
sets NW	b	W	1/2	W.

Days.	s.	d.	m.	d.	h.
1	1	18	36	2	2s.
25	1	20	44	1	57 s.

Saturn is still in the neck of the Bull.

March 1, Georgian rises	SE	1/2	E.	16 ^h	18 ^m
culminates	20	12
25, ♀ rises	14	53
culminates	18	47

Days.	s.	d.	m.	d.	h.
1	9	14	45	0	22 s.
25	9	15	30	0	23 s.

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X. Y. must send the answers before we can determine.

Erratum.—The head of *Jeu d'esprit*, by being placed after, instead of before, the lines " Honesty not the best Policy," in our last, became a grammatical error.

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